THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
1/-

DECEMBER 1933

The Contents of this number include:

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CURRENT COMMENTS

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ENGLISH REVIEW

27th Year of Publication

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

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Correspondence

The Bellarmine Society

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I feel confident that you will be glad to give publicity in THE ENGLISH REVIEW to a statement correcting an assertion made in a recent article in The Review.

In the issue for October, 1933, there appeared an article on the Buchmanite or so-called Oxford Group Movement by Anne Fremantle. It was asserted in this article that "they" (the organizers of the Movement) "have persuaded the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Quebec to advise his flock to attend their meetings." Replying to inquiry what foundation, if any, there was for this statement, His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop cabled (in Latin): "I have never heard of the matter."

Trusting that this is not an unwarrantable intrusion upon the hospitality of your columns.

I remain,
Yours faithfully,
W. RYAN,
Hon. Sec.

House of Lords Reform

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—It is encouraging to find that Mr. Victor Raikes, M.P., is determined to keep alive the issue of House of Lords Reform. The project has hitherto been blocked by two factors: inability to agree on personnel and the apathy of Governments and of the House of Commons. If Sir Stafford Cripps has done anything to dissipate that apathy he deserves recognition as a public benefactor.

Since the publication of the Salisbury Report public opinion has developed, and I believe that very few persons would be prepared to accept a House of Lords containing an element elected by County Councils. If the scheme of nomination, in the first place by the Privy Council and thereafter by Prime Ministers is unacceptable, would it not be better to proceed boldly to establish the principle of functional representation in the upper chamber? The point of view of County Councils will always be adequately represented in the Lords; other influences, which already in fact play a great, though unofficial, part in the framing of legislation, should now openly assume the functions of legislators

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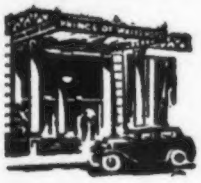

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The various federations of employers, the Farmers Union and the Landowners' Organization are already so well organized that they might properly, and without grave difficulty, be allowed to nominate representatives who should plead, openly in the House instead of unofficially in committee rooms and lobbies, their interests. Above all, the Trade Unions should be substantially represented, perhaps on the same principle as governs the seating of Bishops of the Established Church. That is to say, the presidents of the greater unions should have permanent seats in the House, while the lesser unions should occupy seats in rotation. Some such recognition of the importance, the national value and, may I add, the real ability and sincere patriotism of the great Trade Unionists, is long overdue. They would make a great contribution to the debates of the House as the real representatives of Labour, a force which, under the present system of geographical representation, will never be able to make its voice heard in the councils of the nation.

At present, Trades Union influence can only be exerted through the Socialist party. No argument is needed to show that the permanent association of a great national force with one party is detrimental to the State. National union is thereby imperilled, and the Conservative party comes, with essential injustice, to be regarded as the party of Capital. The great corporation of employers and employed should, like the churches, be independent of party politics, and the reform of the House of Lords in the direction which I have indicated would seem the surest means to attain this end.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Current Comments

DECEMBER, 1933

The New Session

THE new session begins in an atmosphere of doubt and disappointment with the Government's monetary foreign policy, partly redeemed by a measure of optimism regarding employment. Subjected to a critical examination, the unemployment figures are not good, but they are definitely better than they were, and for purposes of post-prandial oratory that is perhaps enough. All the same, we profoundly regret the efforts which are being made to "write up" the employment situation, for they suggest to the public in the south of England a degree of complacency which the Government itself probably does not feel and which is certainly not shared by the northern electorate. Such misplaced complacency is the invariable prelude to a defeat at the polls. Informed observers tell us that there is little sign yet of any desire to be rid of the National Government, and this is true. The reasons, however, are very far from being understood at Westminster.

The Revulsion from Party politics

THERE is no desire whatever for a return to Party Politics on the old model. The real reason for the comparative popularity of the present national leaders, taken in conjunction, is that none of them individually enjoys any marked degree of public confidence or could hope, with the present negative policies, to secure a clear majority at an election. At the same time, the public is not yet inclined for another experiment in Socialist government. It has a deep and instinctive hostility, not to the old school of Trade Union leaders,

whose Socialism amounted to little more than a sturdy Radicalism, but to the new school of Socialist and internationalist revolutionaries who are engaged in capturing the machinery of the Labour Party with a cynical disregard to the wishes of the rank and file. If, however, this analysis is correct, and few will dispute it—it is indeed common ground among people of all shades of opinion—does it not follow that, provided unemployment continues to improve, however slightly, the position of the Government is secure, and that its continuance for a long term of years is in the national interest? So runs the argument. Let us examine it.

The Post-war Psychology

THE first thing to be said is that this argument entirely ignores the composition and character of the post-war electorate. Less than 10 per cent. of electors ever voted at a pre-war election. Even those who fought in the war, and who are still considered too young and irresponsible to have any great say in public affairs, are in a minority. Women and men who attained voting age after the war form an overwhelming majority in all the constituencies. This majority have no sentimental interest in the restoration of pre-war conditions and their experience of post-war conditions has not been encouraging. They are not in the mass inclined to Socialism because the failure of the Russian experiment has long been patent, and still more because they do not like the ill-assorted amalgam of professors and lawyers who offer themselves as the predestined organizers of the English Utopia and make no attempt to conceal their hostility to Christianity and to all the simple loyalties which are still strong in our fellow countrymen. But if this majority of the people are disinclined to Socialism, they are quite unprepared to accept as the alternative a passive acquiescence in the present state of affairs. They voted at the last election not for a trium-

virate of pre-war politicians but against the whole body of compromise doctrine and slipshod Socialist and internationalist experiment which had led us to the brink of chaos. They voted not for this National Government, but for a national policy, which they hoped and believed would be a new constructive and courageous effort to rebuild our prosperity on a new and enduring basis. It is perhaps on the surface strange, but it is certainly true, that the forces which made Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Baldwin, and Sir John Simon virtual dictators were precisely the same, psychologically, as those which have carried Signor Mussolini and Herr Hitler to power.

England and Dictatorship

THERE is no folly more fashionable than the saying that the English will never tolerate a dictatorship. Under constitutional forms of a very flimsy character the English have invariably insisted on being governed either by a close oligarchy or a virtual dictatorship. Their whole constitutional practice is directed to this end. Their whole history shows clearly that representative institutions in England invariably lose their popular character with startling rapidity and become the vehicle of direct rule—first by the Crown and the Court, then by the landed aristocracy, then in Victorian times by the middle classes, and to-day by the party machines. The plain fact is that the English prefer to get on with their business and to let their rulers get on with theirs. It is because the party machines have notably failed to govern that they are losing the public confidence, and unless Parliament under universal franchise can fulfil the indispensable task of leadership, a dictatorship is not only inevitable but necessary.

A Necessary Digression

THIS digression is a necessary step in our argument. The difficulty to-day is not to keep people from

interfering with the business of Government but to get them even to vote. The present government, if it relies for its success at the polls next time on the fact the socialists are in a minority, will rely in vain. Unless the government comes forward with a positive policy capable of arousing moral enthusiasm among the youth of the country it will be beaten by the first strong organized minority which comes along. The Socialist party is such an organized minority, and it will not have the slightest difficulty in establishing something nearly akin to a dictatorship if it gets into office. And it is wholly useless to attempt to fight the socialist party by an appeal to fear, or, worse still, an appeal to party loyalties. Young England does not care a tinker's curse for party loyalties or the party leaders. As Lord Winterton wisely said in the House of Commons a little time ago, if the whole crowd of the two front benches were involved in some catastrophe at sea and were all drowned, no one, politically speaking, would mind in the least. Because they are not speaking in accents attuned to the ears of the present generation. What the public wishes to hear is a new voice capable of making itself heard above the strife of parties and putting forward a genuinely national programme. It is not the national government as such, but the absence of national leadership, courage and foresight which the country deplores.

The Press and Lord Lloyd

WHEN the Press and the party politicians say that Lord Lloyd is trying to start a new party, or to split an old one, they are not merely saying something which is untrue, but something which shows that their minds are quite out of tune with contemporary political thought. Lord Lloyd in his recent speeches, and most notably in his speech at the English Review Luncheon Club's dinner on November 21st, was speaking to that majority of the electorate which is not concerned with

party politics. He urged them to reassert the supremacy of the national over the party interest and to insist on their elected representatives discharging their plain duty. This duty is to require of the national government a national policy dictated by the national needs, not a compromise policy dictated by personal and party considerations. Is it too much to hope that the genius of the English people will reassert itself at the eleventh hour, and see to it that we do not fall into the disastrous evil of assuming that a body of elderly professional politicians clinging to one another for mutual protection, form, regardless of their policy, an indispensable instrument for rebuilding the structure of our social and economic order.

The Need for Foresight

THE first duty of a national government is foresight, Public opinion demands of it a long-range policy. We have to adjust ourselves to a new economic order which differs as naturally and inevitably from that of the last century as the Victorian age did from the mercantile age which preceded it. In the Victorian age Free Trade was the wise policy. Sir John Simon did not, however, go far enough when he said that no intelligent people to-day demanded a return to free trade, or considered that tariffs were a cure for all ills. He should have faced the realities of a situation which in outline is perfectly plain and expressed his readiness to adapt himself to it. We have to look not 3 months but fifty years ahead. Our return to prosperity will be slow. Whether it is sure depends on a clear understanding of the nature of the new economic order, not on attempts, however ingenious, to preserve as much as possible, for as long as possible, of the old order. The world needs to know, as much as we do, where we stand. When we have the courage to announce our resolute determination to make ourselves ultimately self-

supporting in bacon and dairy produce, and as far as possible in livestock, we shall not only help ourselves but help our neighbours. And the same with the infinitely less controversial question of coal and oil. We must know where we are going, and waste no time on getting on the road.

Monetary Policy

EQUALLY true is it that our monetary policy must be adapted to the new age. We are to-day collecting by rates and taxes a quarter of the national income. It is futile to say that this is wrong or that we should return to a budget of say £300 millions. It is plainly impossible. For a generation our local and national expenditure will remain near to its present figure. Ultimately it will go beyond it. In these circumstances the price level becomes a first-class political issue. In the old days, government expenditure itself was mainly on services, the cost of which varied more or less with the level of prices, and in any case it formed so small a proportion of the national total expenditure that the amount to be paid in rates and taxes was not a vital element in the national economy. To-day national expenditure is mainly fixed in terms of sterling; the amount is pre-determined by the promises of politicians to pay so much in cash to large classes of the population; further, rates and taxes to-day are by far the largest single item in every family budget (though in the case of the very poor they are, to a large extent, concealed). In these circumstances it is obvious that the mere possibility of being able to carry on the country's business depends on the relative stability of prices at an appropriate level.

The Economists and Currency

ECONOMISTS may say that ultimate safety and sanity in currency matters depend on a return to

gold, which alone can place currency policy beyond the reach of political interference. This may be true. It probably is. The fact remains that the attempt of the bankers and economists to insulate currency management from political interference by a return to gold all over the world after the war, regardless of the necessary relationship between the existing level and future trend of prices and the existing national commitments, was the major and direct cause of the crisis of the last few years. There is no possibility of a return to a system of fixed international exchanges until the internal price levels of the different countries have been brought into an appropriate relationship with their present and future commitments in regard to expenditure—and even then, the conditions which will still prevail in regard to these commitments will make it essential that the Bank of England's policy shall be directed, in the event of a substantial fall in gold prices, to maintaining internal prices in terms of sterling rather than to forcing down internal prices in order to maintain the gold value of sterling. We see no signs that these two clear necessities, the painful but inescapable legacies of the war and post-war policies, are really appreciated by the present government, who still seem hypnotized by the alleged necessity of holding sterling to some arbitrary relationship now with one foreign currency and now with another.

Constitutional Reform

LORD LLOYD has recently suggested the need for some measure of constitutional reform which will prevent that contentious amateur interference with industry and agriculture which has been the curse of the last ten years. In this matter Lord Lloyd has shown himself in far closer touch with public opinion than many other national leaders. It is happily the truth that we are a liberty-loving people, but Parliamentarians who trade on this to proclaim the perfection

of our constitution forget that Parliament has become not the protector but the chief enemy of liberty. To buy the support of this or that interest, the parties have made one inroad after another on our freedom to eat, drink and trade. We deny absolutely that governmental action in support of the moral law (where such support is necessary) is to be condemned. It is the whole duty of government to put first things first. But this, unfortunately, is just what the government of this country have never done. They have deliberately penalized religious education, by placing every obstacle in the way of religious bodies who wished to maintain and operate their own schools. They have done nothing to check the shocking death toll on the roads. But when one citizen wants to sell a box of cigarettes and another citizen wants to buy one, the Government goes out of its way to stop the transaction.

The Essence of Functional Representation

THE meddling of amateurs with productive industry and agriculture is more serious, and here constitutional reform alone can provide a remedy. Nothing is more essential than housing for the working classes and co-operation between farmers in marketing. But the political efforts to organize these services have proved costly and inefficient. Immediately the State assumes the responsibility for providing a service, or for deciding the scale and price at which such a service shall be supplied, the different interests affected no longer feel responsible for settling their own differences and coming to terms with the consumer. So far from state interference benefiting the consumer, as is its object, it actually takes away from the consumer his power to fix the price of the goods he requires and puts him by a roundabout but inexorable process at the mercy of the producer. Parliament began on the basis of territorial representation because it began in an agricultural age,

and by providing for representatives of the shires and the towns, the producers and the distributors of agricultural producers were automatically brought together, not to regulate other people's, but to regulate their own affairs. In our complex urban civilization, purely territorial representation is a grotesque anomaly. Government cannot simply disinterest itself from trade and industry. That would involve abdicating all its functions. It can, however, and must, so organize its activities that industry becomes self-governing within the Constitution.

The Swing of the Pendulum

THESE are some of the problems about which active-minded people are thinking to-day. Most of what is written or spoken on "plans" and "programmes" is nonsense. The growing discontent of the majority with the present government is a fact. We must not fail to realize that it is a very significant fact. The country is sick of politics, and disgusted with the politicians. It wants, like all the rest of the world, to see not a new party in office, but a new régime in being. How many people realize that under ordinary party government, the present Government would already be out of office. No party government could possibly have survived the complete failure of its economic policy at the London Conference and of its foreign policy at Geneva. But if a national government enjoys greater immunity from criticism, it shoulders far heavier responsibilities and can only show itself worthy of them by adapting itself fearlessly to the facts of the situation. The tedious pursuit of impossible aims is an intolerable affront to the national intelligence. The Government forgets that as far as its personnel is concerned it is national only in name. If a new government were to be elected by plebiscite how many of the present Cabinet would stand a chance of election? The Government is there as a result of a nation's wide revulsion from the policies of the last decade. It should honour its trust. In

the matter of tariffs it has done so to some extent, but elsewhere its record is barren and sombre. It is a matter of duty for all responsible politicians outside its ranks to recall it to a sense of its grave responsibilities. In the public revulsion from the old policies and parties, in the desire for a new and stable régime, lies at once the chief danger and the chief hope of the present day. If nothing is done by the present Government, the next election will mark the beginnings of a definite slide to Socialism. Socialism, however, has no hope whatever of defeating a clear and defined policy of national concentration on really national aims.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

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Mr. Lloyd George. The War Office and Munitions*

By Colonel G. F. B. Turner, D.S.O.

[*Colonel Turner was Assistant Superintendent in the Royal Laboratory (now the Royal Ammunition Factories) from* 1914 *to* 1916, *and at the end of that year was appointed Superintendent of Trench Warfare Design at the Ministry of Munitions. Later he commanded an Artillery Brigade in France. He resigned the position of Superintendent of Design at Woolwich on his retirement from the Army this year.*]

THE two instalments of Mr. Lloyd George's widely heralded "Memoirs" recently issued to the public (Vol. I. September, Vol. II. October), amplify and to some extent modify the extracts published in May and June of this year in the *Daily Telegraph*. The work has been kindly handled by the reviewers, who whilst criticizing the author's claims to omniscience, rightly credit him with dynamic energy and the will to win. They largely accept him at his own valuation with respect to what is generally considered his main contribution to the Allies' efforts, i.e. the supply of munitions after the British War Office authorities responsible had—according to Lloyd George—failed.

The gifted author states in the preface :—

> "With the exception of M. Briand, who never put pen to paper, all the dominant personalities of the war have told their tale of what they did and why they did it,"

and he then goes on to give a list of the illustrious names, and his reasons for overcoming his hesitation to follow their example.

It was no doubt judicious to postpone the production of his own tale until other prominent participants

* This article substantially was written in refutation of the charges brought against the War Office in Vol. I. A few minor amendments only have been necessitated by the appearance of Vol. II. The fairy tales and misleading statements are continued in the second instalment, and could be traversed effectively did space permit. Mr. Lloyd George does not mention the disastrous explosions at National Filling Factories, due to neglect of elementary danger building precautions, e.g. :—Morecambe, almost completely destroyed but without serious loss of life; Chilwell, great destruction and hundreds of casualties, including nearly 200 killed.

had given their views. But there is one dominant personality—certainly the most dominant personality in this country during the first nine months of the war—not included in the list. Had he survived, Lord Kitchener might scarcely have been at pains to explain his actions, but, had he cared to do so, he could without difficulty have produced sufficient evidence to shatter the commonly held belief in Mr. Lloyd George as the organizer of victory through munitions supply. This evidence would have been largely an exoneration of the Master-General of Ordnance, Sir Stanley von Donop, against whom the most venomous and unfair criticism was levelled by Mr. Lloyd George and his associates, and to whom, as M.G.O., constant reference in these notes will be necessary.

Lord Kitchener's conduct with regard to munitions has been dealt with by various writers. Sympathetically by his biographer, Sir George Arthur; unsympathetically and inaccurately by Lord Esher and Colonel Repington; and now comes along the first Minister of Munitions to justify himself by repeating and enlarging on the inaccuracies. The author of the "Memoirs" is a master of the art of using the *suppressio veri* and the *suggestio falsi*, and the three hundred odd pages of the book dealing with munitions developments are a cleverly blended mixture of fact and fancy which no doubt, to the uninitiated, reads most convincingly. The full story of munitions supply has, however, yet to be written. Here I can only put before the non-technical reader, as simply as possible, brief answers to the main questions.

The Ministry of Munitions was one of the by-products—perhaps the chief by-product—of the Coalition Government, which was formed in May, 1915, immediately following the political crisis brought about by the resignation of the First Sea Lord—Lord Fisher. But for months before the crisis, intrigue had been in progress against Lord Kitchener. Sir John French showed clearly his resentment at what he considered to be the Secretary of State's unwarrantable inter-

ference with field operations at the time of the retreat from Mons. I do not propose to discuss this more than to say that the feeling apparently rankled and seems to have made him more than ready to lend himself to tactics reflecting adversely on his superior. He gave frequent interviews to prominent Members of Parliament visiting the front and to Press representatives, and made no secret of his dissatisfaction with the conduct of the War Office regarding munitions supply.

The culmination came on May 9, 1915, when, as he relates in "1914," he made arrangements to forward to Mr. Lloyd George, by special emissaries, a Secret Memorandum setting forth his views, together with copies of all the correspondence between himself and the Government on the subject of ammunition supply. At the same time he provided Colonel Repington with information which led to the latter's notorious telegram.

This telegram, in which occurred the pregnant sentence :—

> "The want of an unlimited supply of high explosives was a fatal bar to our success,"

printed in *The Times* of May 14, and strongly commented on in a prominent leading article of the same issue, prepared the ground for the more serious criticism of Lord Kitchener which appeared a few days later.

On May 18, Lord Kitchener in the House of Lords referred to the Press comments and explained what was being done. The following day *The Times* came out with a bitter attack on the Secretary of State, traversing his statements, accusing the War Office of supineness, and ascribing recent losses in France to lack of suitable ammunition.

> "Men died in heaps upon the Aubers Ridge ten days ago, because the field guns were short and gravely short of high explosive shells."

The article went on to suggest that our gunners were expected to do with shrapnel what could only be done by high explosive, and concluded with what in the light

of subsequent events can only be regarded as an inspired reference to the new department shortly to be put under Mr. Lloyd George.

On the same day, Mr. Lloyd George, in a letter to the Prime Minister, repeated the opinions expressed by Sir John French. In the course of this letter he states in effect that he has been informed on apparently reliable information :—

(1) That shrapnel is useless and H.E. shells indispensable for the attack of highly developed trenches protected by barbed-wire entanglements.

(2) That the Commander-in-Chief in France had impressed this on the War Office for months and asked for 50 per cent. of H.E. shell.

(3) That notwithstanding these urgent representations the percentage of H.E. shell for 18-pdrs. has never exceeded 8 per cent.

(4) That the horrible loss of lives on May 9 at Festubert was due to the lack of H.E. shell.

(5) That private firms cannot turn out shrapnel because of the complicated nature of the shell, but that any engineering firm could produce the simple H.E. shell.

On May 25 the Coalition Government was formed, with a considerable redistribution of ministerial appointments, and including a new Ministry—that of Munitions—under Mr. Lloyd George.

On May 27, the M.G.O., in the course of an interview with Lord Kitchener, was informed that the latter's consent to the new arrangement did not mean that he was not satisfied with the way in which the duties of the M.G.O.'s department had been carried out. A few days later, Lord Kitchener called to his room the senior members of the M.G.O.'s armament staff, i.e. the Director of Artillery and his principal assistants, and addressed them as follows :—

"Gentlemen, the Government have decided that we have not done our duty and are forming a Ministry of Munitions. I *think* that *I* have done mine: I *know* that *you* have done

> yours, I know that your feelings must be somewhat hard, but my orders to you are that you must help this new institution as much as you possibly can as our necessity is to provide the guns and ammunition to defeat the Germans. Good morning, gentlemen."

We thus see that the Ministry of Munitions came into existence as the result of a definite series of damaging criticisms of the War Office, formulated by Sir John French and his unofficial correspondents, and presented to the Prime Minister by Mr. Lloyd George.

It is proposed now to pass to the detailed examination of these criticisms as elaborated in the " Memoirs."

1. *Was the study of High Explosive neglected before the war?*

The author says (page 126) that High Explosive ammunition had not been seriously and systematically investigated by the War Office before the war.

This is definitely incorrect.

A feature of Mr. Lloyd George's methods is that either through malice or ignorance he always chooses the War Office as the target for his attacks. He should know that all investigations dealing with guns and ammunition were and are carried out under the ægis of the Ordnance Board (or Committee), a body of senior officers of the Army and Navy, specially selected for their wide technical knowledge and acquaintance with service conditions. Information obtained in the course of experimental work for the Navy is naturally available for the Army, and *vice versa*. A vast amount of research had been done on high explosives before the war, but, as can readily be understood, the results were regarded as extremely confidential.

Shell filled high explosive (lyddite) were first used by the British Army in 1898 at the Battle of Omdurman, and were employed on a larger scale in the South African War. They were not an unqualified success, on account of incomplete detonation and casualties caused by prematures; but their potential value was clear, and from

1902 onwards unremitting attempts were made to obtain a safe fuze that would effectively fragment the shell. By August, 1914, much progress had been made and a safe and tolerably efficient system of detonating the shell when it struck directly on its *nose* had been devised for the Navy (Fuzes Nos. 44 and 45); the more difficult problem of satisfying land service conditions, where the fuze is required to act when the shell merely grazes and ricochets from the ground, was not quite solved.

High explosive ammunition was not available for field guns in August, 1914, because, when the new 13-pr. and 18-pr. equipments were introduced (1903), it was decided after extensive trials that H.E. shell were not required. The General Staff concurred in this, and in 1907 put on record that in adhering to shrapnel alone for field guns they were taking a perfectly sound course. High explosive effect, which it was agreed had its value, was provided for by adding a proportion of 4·5 inch field howitzers (firing a 35-lb. shell) to each division.

In 1911 and 1912, reports on H.E. shell used by the French field artillery were received at the War Office from British officers who had attended practice camps in France. No recommendations of the General Staff as a result of these reports can be traced. Sir John French, who was Chief of the General Staff 1912–1914, discussed the matter with General von Donop, and expressed himself as satisfied with what was being done.

In 1911, the Director of Artillery (Brigadier-General von Donop) initiated trials with an 18-pr. combined shrapnel and H.E. shell similar to the continental type. A satisfactory solution of a difficult problem had almost been reached by August, 1914, but no further action was taken, as war-time supply in quantity would have been out of the question. The Germans had this ammunition, and after two years' war experience abandoned it. In all the systems, British and Continental, the use of light gun H.E. shell was for the attack of *shielded guns*, not entrenchments, for which latter purpose the shell is too small.

2. *Did the War Office delay taking action with regard to the introduction of H.E. for field guns?*

The War Office, ably assisted by the Ordnance Factories at Woolwich, took the initiative in producing H.E. shell for our field guns. Sir John French admitted this in June, 1915, and it would be more correct to say that the War Office *forced* 18-pr. H.E. on to the British Army in France than to accuse them of failure to supply in the face of continual requests.

Before the end of August, 1914, the M.G.O. had gathered from private reports received from the front, that the H.E. shell with a time fuze used by the Germans was causing severe damage to our troops, and on 31 August he asked the General Officer Commanding Royal Artillery at General Headquarters, to ascertain if H.E. shell was wanted for 13- and 18-prs. From the correspondence that ensued, it was gleaned that our gunners thought the effect of the German field-gun H.E. was moral rather than material, and that what was really doing the damage was the enemy's heavier field *howitzer* shell. At the same time, it was suggested that the gunners would feel happier if they had some H.E. for the field guns. The M.G.O. then wrote to the Chief of the General Staff:—

> "If you want some H.E. for your field guns I could probably send you out some for the 13-pr., and later on, if you wished for it, some for the 18-pr."

and on 15 September received the reply:—

> "H.E. for field guns. Lindsay says should be supplied as soon as possible and the C.-in-C. concurs."

Whilst this correspondence was proceeding, independent action had been taken by the Ordnance Factories to such purpose that when the Commander-in-Chief's concurrence was obtained, a satisfactory design had been determined, and considerable progress made with manufacture. This valuable saving of time was due to the foresight of Colonel Sir Hilaro Barlow, Superintendent Royal Laboratory, who, after reading the descriptions of the effect of German high explosive on our troops in

the open warfare conditions of the Mons campaign, called together the heads of his design and manufacturing branches and said :—

> "It makes my blood boil to think of our fellows being shot up with H.E. and we have nothing to throw back but shrapnel."

He then suggested that a high explosive shell and fuze could be rapidly improvised by boring the shell straight from steel bar, and putting in *two* fuzes, a time fuze (No. 80) to blow in the pressure plate of a new design of simple detonating fuze placed below it. After discussion it was agreed that even the simplest pattern of *new* fuze would take months to turn out in quantity, and that the quickest way would be to utilize some of the detonating fuzes (No. 44) under manufacture in the Arsenal.

Designs were at once prepared; the War Office was notified; experiment and manufacture went on simultaneously, and in about a month an output of 2,000 rounds a week was reached. The first consignment, of 1,000 rounds, went overseas on 19 October for trial and report. G.H.Q.'s verdict, dated 6 November, was favourable, and it was then that the C.-in-C. asked for 50 per cent. of his future supplies of 18-pr. ammunition to be H.E. In other words, Sir John French's request was not a criticism of the War Office, but *a report on action initiated by the War Office.*

3. *Was prompt and appropriate action taken to meet Sir John French's demands for* 18*-pr. H.E.?*

There was no omission of any sort on the part of the War Office, but owing to the Government's total unpreparedness for war, and for other reasons which will be explained later, it was clear to the M.G.O.'s department from the outset, that full requirements could not be met for many months. Had Sir John possessed the most elementary knowledge of the processes involved in the production of complicated stores like fuzes by the million he would have realized the sheer impossibility of early satisfaction of his demand. Unfortunately also, he had no one on his staff to enlighten him. The artillery

advisers at G.H.Q. were senior officers selected quite rightly for their great experience and knowledge of the technical aspects of gunnery and of the tactical employment of artillery in the field. Their acquaintance with the technical problems of design, research and manufacture, as was only to be expected, was less complete.

The addition to Sir John French's staff of a senior officer who had passed through the Artillery College—the institution for training technical officers corresponding to the Staff College for executive and administrative officers—might well have enabled him to appreciate the situation more correctly and have prevented him from playing into the hands of the politicians as he did.

The steps taken *in anticipation of Sir John French's request* to provide quickly 18-pr. H.E. ammunition have already been related, but the 80/44 fuze combination was a *tour de force* and only intended to be an emergency measure. The time required for the manufacture of *two* fuzes was a very serious objection, so that when the new ammunition was demanded in large quantities, the War Office at once set itself to obtain a more simple pattern, and in the first instance considered an adaptation of the French ammunition (*see* Memoirs page 141).

So far from ordering shrapnel instead of H.E., Lord Kitchener was one of the earliest to take action to obtain large supplies of H.E. for our field guns. When General Deville visited the War Office in October 1914, he submitted to the Secretary of State and his staff a sample of the new 75 mm. H.E. shell and fuze, a modification of which he recommended for our adoption. The M.G.O. pronounced it unsafe, but in view of the urgent need, Lord Kitchener decided to make a thorough trial before turning the proposal down, and instructed that an expert from Woolwich should proceed at once to France and obtain all possible information as to manufacture. A friend of mine, Col. Miller, was selected for this duty, and came back towards the end of the month with full details. Shortly afterwards 1,000 rounds

of French ammunition were received, and expended in firing and other tests under the supervision of the Ordnance Board. The Ordnance Board's verdict was that the ammunition contained dangerous features which rendered it unsuitable for the British service, thus confirming the M.G.O.'s previously expressed opinion. The decision not to adopt it was sound. In a few months the French had lost 800 guns through premature explosions, and Joffre's contemplated offensive had to be postponed.*

The 75 mm. ammunition having been found unacceptable, the Ordnance Board instructed by the Director of Artillery under direct orders from the Secretary of State, requested the M.G.O.'s Designs Branch to submit proposals for 18-pr. H.E. to give the same performance as the French pattern, but with greater safety. The Designs Branch had been working assiduously during the trials and by a happy inspiration the problem that had baffled all attempts for twelve years was solved in as many days. A small-scale firing trial was carried out on 16 December with complete success, the War Office at once approved, and within a fortnight contracts for millions of the new fuze had been placed in England and America.† The English firms made slow progress, and the first supplies of empty fuzes were received in June, 1915, from the Yale & Towne Co., U.S.A. These fuzes had to be inspected, proved, and filled before assembly in the shell. The first completed rounds with the new fuze went overseas in July, 1915, and this, in the writer's opinion, and speaking with a full knowledge of the subject, was the *very earliest date at which*

* Kitchener told Mr. Asquith bluntly that if the same fiasco had happened in England the Prime Minister and the War Minister would have been hanged on the gallows of public opinion, and that our immunity from bursting guns was due to the restraining advice of the Master General of Ordnance.—(Sir George Arthur's " Life of Lord Kitchener.")

† In all, 113,000,000 fuzes of this type were made. The statements on pages 629–631 (Memoirs Vol. II) are entirely misleading. The trouble was due to faulty manufacture and inadequate inspection. The safety principle of the fuze holds the field to-day as the best for the purpose that can be devised.

Sir John French's demand for large-scale supplies of 18-pr. H.E. shell could be met.

When it is realized that it was not until the end of October, 1914, that G.H.Q., France, could say whether the troops who had to use it wanted 18-pr. H.E. or not, that some five weeks or so were taken up in investigating the possibilities of the French pattern, and that after the French pattern was found unsuitable it was necessary to design and test a new fuze-shell combination, it is amazing that the Secretary of State should be blamed for delay; the wonder is that the M.G.O.'s departments should so promptly have met requirements where every day occupied by the investigation meant delay in placing contracts.

The statement in the last paragraph of Mr. Lloyd George's letter of May 18th, to which I have already referred showed that the writer had not at the time grasped the difference between a shell and a complete round of ammunition, and that like Sir John French he had no knowledge of manufacturing processes. The empty shell is the easiest part of production, but is of no use without the other components, i.e. propellant, cartridge case, explosive, primer and fuze. Particularly the fuze. And there we come to the heart of the munitions problem and the key to the situation in May 1915. The real shortage was not a *shell* shortage, but a *fuze* shortage. And it was one which under the circumstances could not have been overcome by May 1915, even if the Ministry of Munitions as organized in 1918 had been in existence on 1 January, 1915. For the production of fuzes in quantity is *not* a simple matter.

Mr. Lloyd George makes great play in his book about lack of imagination at Woolwich Arsenal with regard to production of fuzes (page 128), and further on speaks of the empty shell without fuzes as being a "collection of harmless steel mugs." The mugs were not confined to the manufacturers' shops, and it was many months before certain officials of the Ministry of Munitions,

including the Minister himself, understood the full meaning of "components," and learned that it was not sufficient to order shell only. The failure of the Ministry to provide a complete round of ammunition until ten months after its formation is attributable to this ignorance of what to the War Office was a commonplace.

4. *Was 18-pr. shrapnel useless and high explosive indispensable to successful attack of trench systems?*

An affirmative answer to the above was the burden of the Commander-in-Chief's opinion as expressed to and repeated by Mr. Lloyd George. Later experience, however, showed that 18-pr. H.E. when supplied in quantity failed to be any improvement on shrapnel for *purposes of attack*. In other words, Sir John French's statements as to what he could do with 18-pr. H.E. were based on a false appreciation of its possibilities, and the war correspondents, press writers, and Mr. Lloyd George and his associates, who shared and promulgated Sir John French's views, stand condemned with him.

Be it remembered that—

Trials against wire entanglements carried out in January 1915, proved that rather more effect was obtained with shrapnel than with H.E., and at Neuve Chapelle (March 1915) the good results expected from shrapnel were fully realized, yet Mr. Lloyd George is explicit that shrapnel is of no use for wire cutting.

Experience soon proved that the 18-pr. H.E. shell was of little value for the destruction of trenches, and in 1917 the Commander-in-Chief in France reported:—

> "the chief use of 18-pr. H.E. is against personnel. This shell with the non-delay fuze is not a very effective projectile either for this purpose or for wirecutting."

The fallacy of the belief that an unlimited supply of H.E. shell would in itself enable us to blast our way through the enemy's defences was completely exposed by the poor returns obtained for an enormous expenditure of men and ammunition on the Somme in 1916. Changes in strategy and tactics were necessary before

the full value of the enhanced artillery support could be realized, and those changes were worked out long after Sir John French had returned to England.

In these changes, shrapnel maintained its position as an essential for 18-pr. guns both in attack and defence, and a large percentage of shrapnel is still part of our establishments for all *guns*.

In the later months of the war the writer served with a brigade of field artillery on the Western Front in support of the 51st, Canadian, and 39th Divisions. All these divisions were placed very high in the order of merit in which the Germans ranked what they called our storm troops, and none of them expressed a preference for H.E. instead of shrapnel. Their attitude is indicated by the following extracts from Operation Orders :—

39th Divisional Artillery Instruction No. 11, *dated 24th September*, 1918.

1. *Information.*—The Canadian Corps will attack at a time to be notified later—Canal du Nord.

2. *Artillery Arrangements.*—Owing to the enfilade nature of the fire it will be necessary for the 39th Divisional Artillery *to employ shrapnel exclusively during the first part of the barrage.*

39th Divisional Artillery Instructions No. 13, *dated 25th September*, 1918.

(In continuation of 39th D.A.I. No. 11).

3. *Ammunition.*—18-*prs. shrapnel as long as the supply holds out and within the limits of the fuze,* then H.E.

51st Divisional Artillery Order No. 159, *dated 12th October*, 1918.

1. The 51st Division are attacking the enemy to-day. First objective, Avesnes le Sec.

5. 18-*prs. will fire shrapnel throughout,* 30 per cent. of bursts to be on graze.

The attack on the Canal du Nord, one of the strongest positions in the Hindenburg Line, took place on September 27 and was completely successful. The battery under my command had six guns in action, and fired 750 rounds per gun between 5.20 a.m. and 11.36 a.m. There were no tanks on our sector.

The attack on Avesnes-le-Sec was also successful. By this time operations were over open country, but a very strong machine-gun defence was put up.

5. *Mr. Lloyd George repeatedly charges the War Office with failure to take the steps necessary to provide a sufficiency of munitions of all kinds. Are these charges justified?*

Our somewhat nebulous understanding with France only envisaged the employment overseas of six divisions with a cavalry division and corps troops—say 150,000 men, and the arrangements for their equipment and maintenance in the field had been meticulously worked out.* Immediately mobilization was ordered the Army (and Navy) mobilization schemes for equipment were put into operation. This was the situation when Lord Kitchener took over the War Office on August 6.

German plans were based on a rapid and triumphant march to Paris, and there was a general feeling that the war would be over before Christmas. Kitchener alone foresaw that the war would be long drawn out, and that we must train and *equip* all our available manhood. From the first he fixed our contribution at 70 divisions, and it was he, not the politicians, who sounded the trumpet call for recruits. On August 10, orders were issued to provide the equipment of the 1st New Army, and shortly afterwards the M.G.O. received instructions to provide complete equipment for *six* armies of the size of the existing one. Appropriate action was taken.

* The country had been kept in ignorance of the real significance of the German threat and no attempt was made by the Cabinet, which *did* know, to review the engineering resources of the country to meet the obvious possibility of its early fulfilment.

Mr. Lloyd George in January, 1914, denounced expenditure on armaments; said the outlook was never more favourable for peace; and in that year's Budget insisted on a cut of half a million in the Army estimates, which could only be achieved by omitting provision for machine guns, and by continuing to starve expenditure necessary to build up our meagre reserves of artillery ammunition.

The placing of contracts for the munitionment of these new armies overwhelmed the already stressed capacity of the recognized sources of supply, and as the campaign proceeded and it was seen that ammunition expenditure was on a scale hitherto undreamed of, the War Office realized that exceptional measures were necessary *and took them.* The existing machinery of the Ordnance Factories and armament firms was from the outset glutted with Admiralty orders. New factories sprang up like mushrooms, but such was the shortage of skilled labour that when, for example, in January, 1915, the first new shell shop in the Royal Arsenal started work, the personnel—supervisors apart—was made up of recruits from classes totally lacking experience of machine shop practice.* Before the end of August, 1914, Canada and the U.S.A. had been called on for assistance. Early in October the Bethlehem Steel Corporation offered an option on a million rounds of gun ammunition to be delivered in twelve months. The offer was accepted within four hours, and when Mr. Schwab, the master spirit of the Corporation, came over to see Lord Kitchener, the latter at once made an agreement which secured the immense capacity of the firm for the Allies for the rest of the war.

Misleading statements with regard to munitions supply are of frequent occurrence throughout the "Memoirs." For example :—

Mr. Lloyd George says (pages 147–148) that at the Cabinet Committee Meeting on October 12, 1914, instructions were given for the ordering of 3,000 18-pr. field guns to be delivered by May, 1915, instead of the 892 already ordered for delivery in June, and that at a conference next day the representatives of the manufacturers, in consultation with the Committee, engaged to complete 1,608 guns not later than August, 1915.

But he omits the sequel.

* In spite of this, these men, in three months reached an output per man double that of the older shops.

After much discussion, delivery of 2,148* 18-pr. *equipments* was promised by July 1. This included 168 from the Ordnance Factories who, with a true appreciation of possibilities, declined to increase their previous estimate but kept their promise. The armament firms promised 1,980 and delivered 635 only, the total, 803, being approximately what the M.G.O.'s original enquiries had decided was practical politics!

When the meeting was over Mr. McKenna and Mr. Runciman said to the M.G.O.:—

> "Well, General, at any rate we have got you a lot of extra guns." He replied "Thank you, but you have got me no extra guns, only promises."

As the two Ministers walked away, McKenna said to his colleague: "Well, that is the hardest man to please I have every met," but he later admitted to von Donop that the latter was right, and they were all wrong.

The author writes (page 255) that numbers and sizes of heavy shell could not be computed as the War Office had not decided on the number and calibre of the guns required, and he is sarcastic about the General Staff's responsibility (page 127), but does not mention the indisputable fact that the presence of *any* modern heavy artillery in France in June, 1915, was due to the foresight of the M.G.O., who as Colonel von Donop in 1908, and again in 1909, when Commandant, School of Siege Artillery, strongly recommended that up-to-date patterns of mobile 6-inch howitzers, and of heavy howitzers suitable for the Heavy Siege Brigade, should be designed and made and that the personnel of the siege companies should be given opportunities of taking part in field manœuvres. Despite the lukewarm attitude of the General Staff, one experimental 9·2-inch howitzer had been built, and having completed its trials just before the war proved of great value as a model.

* The figure 2,148 is believed to be more correct. The difference, however, is immaterial, the point being that the firms did not keep their promises.

As soon as our troops had taken the field and without any request from anyone, the M.G.O. ordered 16 9·2-inch howitzers and took steps to collect as many 6-inch howitzers as possible. A Committee *under the War Office* was formed to work out requirements, and, as a result, 16 more 9·2-inch howitzers and 32 12-inch howitzers were ordered, whilst 6-inch guns were provided with travelling carriages, other 6-inch guns converted into 8-inch howitzers, and manufacture of a new pattern 6-inch howitzer commenced. An enormous amount of entirely new design work was involved before construction could be started on much of this programme.

The new equipments commenced to arrive in France in the spring and early summer of 1915, and until the Army had ascertained by experience that the patterns were suitable for service conditions, it would have been folly to have embarked on an ambitious programme of weapon and ammunition supply. Sir John French, consulted by the Army Council, put forward his recommendations on June 25, 1915, which were at once approved. Mr. Lloyd George's claim (page 549 *et seq.* Vol. II) that it was he and Colonel Walch who first saw the necessity for an increase in heavy guns is not correct. It was obvious to everybody directly they saw them in use.

Although G.H.Q. in France quickly realized the need for heavier artillery, the chief burden of Sir John French's complaints had reference to the shortage of ammunition and particularly of H.E. ammunition.

What had the War Office done?

At the Cabinet Committee Meeting of October 12, consideration of ammunition supply had followed decisions on the gun programme.

The manufacture of ordnance was admitted to be specialists' work: the situation with regard to ammunition was somewhat different as many components could be made by ordinary engineering firms. The method early adopted by the War Office, of organizing

round the existing armament firms, had the approval of Sir George Gibb, one of the most competent business men in the country, and was subsequently copied by the Ministry of Munitions, whose large national factories grew up close to and under the tutelage of the established firms.

The War Office did not, however, limit itself to armament firms, and orders placed in England involved the employment of 2,500–3,000 firms. By April, 1915, contracts had been made for approximately 30,000,000 complete rounds of 18-pr. alone and other natures in proportion.

Details of promise and performance :—

Nature of equipment.	January, 1915.		April, 1915.		July, 1915.	
	Promised.	Delivered.	Promised.	Delivered.	Promised.	Delivered.
18-pr. gun -	290,150	127,000	1,220,000	225,500	1,768,500	517,572
4·5″ how. -	62,050	14,000	81,000	28,850	216,000	59,500
60-pr. gun -	43,875	2,300	33,750	16,000	36,000	22,370
4·7″ gun -	10,950	8,600	37,800	13,724	37,500	?
6″ how. -	2,140	?	13,950	6,100	49,950	24,000
8″ how. -	—	—	2,700	Nil	6,300	2,260
9·2″ how. -	1,800	Nil	4,725	390	14,400	2,500
12″ how. -	1,000	Nil	4,950	Nil	4,950	Nil

The above are for complete rounds and not shell only.

It is not disputed that ammunition supplies to Flanders in May, 1915, fell far below demands, but had performance come up to promise there would have been a *surplus*. The verdict as to responsibility hinges, therefore, on the answer to the question, "Why were the promises not kept?" Many cogent reasons were put forward—shortage of labour, trade union restrictions, bad time-keeping, drink, etc., etc.—and the War Office, fully alive to the situation, made strong representations to the Government without obtaining much support.* No doubt

* Lord Haldane has revealed that the M.G.O. had an interview in October, 1914, with the Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George and himself and explained serious supply difficulties due to trade union restrictions which only Cabinet action could remove. No action was taken until the Ministry of Munitions was set up.

each of the factors mentioned proved a hindrance, but, though all were unfortunate and some were reprehensible, discussion of their relative importance would be unprofitable. For they were dwarfed by the root cause, i.e. the shortage of fuzes, and particularly the shortage of fuzes suitable for H.E. shell.

The new fuze, the development of which has been dealt with under (3) of this article, was so designed as to be suitable for all guns and howitzers and was approved as such. The shortage, as explained, was inevitable,* and nothing that could have been done in the way of accelerating production of shell bodies and other components would have effected the slightest increase in overseas supplies. When the new fuze became available, output of complete ammunition rose enormously, and Sir John French's estimated requirements (921,000 rounds per month from August 1st, 1915), as given in his memorandum to Mr. Lloyd George, were exceeded in October, during which month the number sent to France totalled 1,200,000, not a single round of which had been produced under orders from the Ministry of Munitions.

It is thus clear that Mr. Lloyd George's charges were based—to put it mildly—on ignorance.

6. *Could the war have been won without the Ministry of Munitions?*

Had the war ended abruptly in May, 1916, the effect on field operations of the Ministry's huge organization would have been negligible. For it was not until April of that year that the first *complete* round from the National Filling Factories was available.

* In the case of fuzes as in the case of guns, experienced contracting firms under-estimated the time required for turning them out in large numbers. As an example of the time that must necessarily elapse before a fuze factory can reach full production, in June, 1915, the Ordance Factories were instructed to erect buildings and install plant for an additional output of 60,000 per week, of two patterns of fuze already being made in other parts of the factory. Maximum production was promised in twelve months, and the promise was kept almost to a day. Outside contractors given similar orders promised delivery in shorter time, but actually exceeded twelve months.

Mr. Lloyd George's disparaging remarks about Woolwich Arsenal are many. He speaks of obsolete methods, lack of imagination, etc., and suggests that improvement in output was due to change in the directing authority. Once more his statements can be challenged.

The Ordnance Factories expanded tenfold during the war, the personnel of the ammunition factories alone increasing from some 5,000 to about 50,000, and the major part of this expansion was initiated before the Ministry of Munitions took over in August, 1915. Mass production and avoidance of labour trouble by maintenance of piecework rates in the face of increased earnings were thoroughly understood at Woolwich long before the war. When the late Sir Frederick Donaldson—lost in the "Hampshire" with Lord Kitchener—was appointed Chief Technical Adviser to Mr. Lloyd George, his place as Chief Superintendent Ordnance Factories was taken by Mr. (afterwards Sir) Vincent Raven. It is well known that the new-comer, and the subordinates who accompanied him, were deeply impressed by the ability of the Arsenal staff and the efficiency of the Arsenal as a whole. He was content to let well alone, and here is what his chief, Sir Eric Geddes, Director General of Munitions Supply and one of the outstanding personalities of the war, said in his valedictory letter :—

"September, 1916.

"My dear Raven,

* * * *

"No one knows better than I do how almost entirely dependent the Country was upon Woolwich Arsenal in the matter of gun ammunition up to the first quarter of this year and how much we owe to the Arsenal for helping us over the difficulties of filling and completing that ammunition. If the German had been as clever a man as some of us thought he was, he would have devoted his unremitting attention to the destruction of the Arsenal in the first eighteen months of the war. He did not do so, and it was one of the great failures that we can record against him.

"As regards gun and small arms ammunition I know that those who are responsible for those sections of supply, fully

appreciate the debt they owe to the Factories under your control, and it is a point upon which they can justly pride themselves, that not only is the quality good but that the supply sections count upon them with confidence for a minimum of 100 per cent. of their promises."

Could better tribute be desired?

It is submitted that sufficient evidence has been adduced to establish that the Ministry of Munitions came into being as the result of a political manœuvre which, if not fundamentally dishonest, was at any rate based on inadequate knowledge of what was being done and what it was possible to do, and that Lord Kitchener and those members of his staff responsible for munitions supply more truly appreciated the situation than their critics in and out of the Government.

It is not claimed that the War Office foresaw everything or that there were not in it, as in the Ministry of Munitions, persons better fitted for appointments other than those they held. The remedy for this state of affairs would have been easy.

It would also be as futile as it would be fatuous to attempt to belittle the work done under Mr. Lloyd George and his successors. The heads of departments of the Ministry, all of them eminent in their businesses or professions, and some of them outstanding, were bound to play a notable part under whatever roof they were assembled, and the magnitude of their achievement and the driving force of their first chief is not in dispute. But was it fair that the Ministry should conceal from the public, as it did, the magnificent effort of Lord Kitchener and those associated with him in the munitions problem?

The War Office asked for, and would gladly have welcomed, assistance with regard to control of labour, removal of trade union restrictions, and organization of the manufacturing resources of the country. These matters, which, strictly speaking, were Cabinet rather than War Office responsibilities, affected the Naval

Service also, and a co-ordinating department was undoubtedly desirable. Such a department, of Labour, Industry—call it what you will—of comparatively small dimensions, directed by the people who dominated the Ministry of Munitions, and with subdivisions working under the War Office and Admiralty, might well have done at a greatly reduced cost and in much less time all that the Ministry achieved with its enormous staff.

Had such a department been formed, and had Mr. Lloyd George, subjugating his personal ambitions, been content to assist by devoting his abounding energy and wonderful persuasive powers to the organization of industry and smoothing of labour troubles, he might have deserved still better of his country and left a more enduring reputation.

The Danger of the Road

By W. A. Hirst

"THERE is no doubt," says Lord Trenchard, "that practically all accidents are avoidable." The question, therefore, arises—why are they not avoided, because we are informed that it cannot be necessary for people to be killed in the streets of London at the rate of three or four a day.

The answer to the question probably will be that, except the people killed and maimed themselves—an unorganized and helpless body—no one has any interest in preventing accidents, while there is a rich and well-organized community with complete control of the daily press, whose interest it is to push the sale of motor-cars and to ensure their predominance over every other public and private interest. The newspapers are ever urging that the roads should be made more dangerous, and constant pressure is put upon Government, both Central and Local, to provide more speed-tracks.

This is

> "An Age that drives an Iron Horse,
> Of Time and Space defiant;
> Exulting in a Giant's force,
> And trembling at the Giant."

Those who drive motors, of course, contribute largely in their own persons to the casualty list. Our first concern is with the unprotected public, but those who cause this fearful waste of human life would share in the benefits arising from a complete change in our policy.

The first step must be to diagnose the evil, and from the facts before us it will be easy to deduce the remedies.

The most clamant fact is the unending procession of killed and maimed. In 1931 there were more people killed and wounded on the roads of England and Wales than in the Boer War. In nearly three years' fighting in South Africa 5,744 were killed and 22,829 wounded. In 1931 there perished in the road accidents of England

and Wales 5,855, while the injured reached the stupendous figure of 159,257. In ten years the killed have more than doubled, the injured practically trebled.

It is easy to see that these figures demonstrate that our road policy is hopelessly inefficient. We have only to contrast this record with that of the railways. The total casualties to passengers in Great Britain in 1931 amounted to 8 killed and 63 injured.

Even the accidents on the permanent way—which include numerous suicides, children playing on the line, and other unpreventable mischances—were but 63 killed and 3,697 injured. Here, then, we have a perfectly safe mode of transport, which carries innumerable persons in such security that the chance of death is practically negligible, while, on the other hand, the rival method slays its thousands. And every discouragement is given to the safe method—valuable railway stock has been allowed to depreciate almost out of existence, and at the same time its rival is perpetually extolled, and we are urged insistently to provide it with greater facilities at the expense of the railways.

The first thing to do is to turn a deaf ear to the clamour of the press, and stop all public expenditure for the benefit of the motor trade and thus ease the pressure upon our sorely harassed railways.

Doubtless, the horrible loss of life is the main evil to be attacked. But there are others of immense importance. Great Britain is like no other country in the world. When the traveller from India or elsewhere, his eyes accustomed to brown grass and buff rocks or sand, arrives at Dover, he takes his seat in the train to behold a delightful panorama of green fields, hops, and cherry orchards. Go where you will in England you find eternal verdure, clear running water, green hills, mountains, purple moors. In almost every quiet village there is a grey Gothic Church with its store of history and heraldry. Most of the streams and rivers are (or were) spanned by ancient stone bridges. But the Vandal has long been

abroad; the bridges are too weak to bear the lorries of Mammon and the roads too narrow for the racing car. The bridges must be broken down and replaced by monstrosities, great ugly roads, like monstrous gutters, must blot out the fair landscape.

Apart from its rare beauty, England, in common with a few European countries, has in every nook and corner some treasured literary association. In yonder green valley, guarded by tall mountains, Henry Vaughan, the sweet Silurist, sleeps by the clear Usk. Here Milton bespoke a cottage to avoid the great plague, here Pendennis galloped on the Baymouth Road. In this ancient inn Charles Dickens met John Browdie, in that riverside churchyard little Pip was terrified by the convict.

Turn whereso'er we may, fact and fiction, poetry and romance, the graves of the unforgotten, the haunts of musing poets disclose themselves to our eyes. But the screech of the motor-horn, the raucous cycle are no respecters of the haunts of ancient peace.

The first time I went to Chalfont St. Giles it was a beautiful village. Some years later I revisited it and found it plastered with gaudy petrol pumps. The villages of Cray in Kent used to be typical beautiful English villages. But when I went there to see the house where the great Castlereagh died, huge roads were being constructed, and now half the beauty has been squeezed out of them.

Many years ago, long before the war, I walked one afternoon from Elstree to Mill Hill, along a field-path near the railway.

> "It was high-Spring, and all the way
> Primros'd, and hung with shade."

Recently I looked for the path. It was crushed out by a mammoth road. Petrol for primroses, cement for cowslips.

We know, then, that this craze for speed has power to destroy the body, but we know also that it has power to destroy the soul.

It is that by which the nations are great and free. Before our servitude is confirmed, before the habitude of mangling flesh and blood and chasing the fairies from the woods and fells has become altogether fixed, let us make an effort to check it. The noble Roman, who drove abroad at furious pace along the Appian Way, possibly diverted himself and certainly did no harm to his neighbours. But the speed degenerate of to-day kills and maims our people both in the real and the ideal world.

Now every circumstance that has come to my notice bears uncompromising testimony to the fact that we have allowed the motoring interest to become our master. Lord Trenchard is disturbed over the London casualties. It will, perhaps, hardly be believed that in 1931 the deaths from street accidents in Paris numbered 303, while in London they stood at 1,342.

I have already remarked upon the frightful casualty roll of England and Wales, but these figures are still soaring. In 1932 the deaths showed an increase of over 1,000, i.e. 6,667 were killed and 206,405 injured. And, as far as the figures of the present year are available, they show a further increase. Lord Trenchard makes the obvious remark: "It appears that private cars are being driven with less care and skill than formerly," and he might have added with less care and skill than in Paris. Nor is the French driver conspicuous for careful driving.

Some six years ago our death casualties doubled those of France; to-day our excess is fifty per cent. The United States, having innumerable cars, will doubtless stand for ever at the head of the list. The Pedestrians' Association tells me that in the last fifteen years more people have been killed and wounded by motor-cars than in all the wars which the United States have waged in a century and a half. But our country, which otherwise is not reckless of human life, will surely put an end to this appalling slaughter.

THE DANGER OF THE ROAD

One or two comments upon the report, which came out the other day, may be noted. An official of the Royal Automobile Club says that accidents will continue till we have "more and 'better' roads." That is to say that a main cause of the casualties is "more and 'better' roads," and that if we magnify the cause, the effect will diminish. There is nothing like leather, says the shoemaker.

More reasonable is a comment from another quarter to the effect that the evil is due to "young lunatics in sports cars who appear to have no sense of responsibility and career about with potential lethal weapons at anything from 60 to 90 miles an hour." And yet my own observation leads me to the belief that motor-cycles and commercial lorries are still more serious dangers than private cars, and infinitely greater nuisances.

However, it is the private cars that are most largely responsible for the London increases. They are, of course, far the most numerous group. Omnibus and taxi-cab drivers have a good record, possibly owing to the consciousness that they are discharging a public duty. They undergo tests, and perhaps if similarly stringent tests were applied to private drivers we should see considerable improvement.

There is no doubt that the Courts are much too lax in administering the law. Some years ago a man appeared at the Cambridge Assizes before a Judge noted for his severity. He had got drunk, stolen a car, and then proceeded to kill a lady cyclist, and, leaving the dead body in full view, had gone on and killed a man. Instead of being sent to penal servitude for a long term, he received a sentence of eleven months' imprisonment.

Coroners are even more lenient. Possibly the law needs strengthening; it seems to be very difficult to convict an offender of manslaughter. What is essential is that public opinion should be roused to the evil, and maintain a steady resolve that our roads and streets shall be safe.

To stop all construction of (motor) roads is the first step; those that already disfigure the landscape should be modified and humanized as far as possible. The speed limit in every town and village should be enforced. This is now habitually violated, and the simple and vital remedy of enforcing it offers no difficulty whatever.

From an economic point of view the preference now given to motors over railways is very injurious. The railways were constructed at enormous expense, their shares are widely held, and many people are dependent for their existence upon their income from the stock. This has depreciated in an alarming manner. A correspondent of the *Times* gave several instances of hardship —they are innumerable. I quote one: "A lady of about 75 had an income of £80, of which £30 was derived from railway stock, mainly trustee securities, on which nothing is now being paid, and her already meagre income has therefore been reduced to £50." A great army of men is also employed. The engines are fed on British coal. The railways accepted many burdens heaped upon them by Government, by which they incurred great expenses and responsibility for the benefit of the public. It is said that the railways lose a million a year in collecting and delivering parcels. In a laissez-faire age all this control was tolerated on the understanding that the railways should pay a traffic monopoly.

The tracks used by motors were made by the public and are usurped by the motor without fee, and the roads, made by the public for the public, are torn to pieces by motor lorries of unlimited weight, which are carrying goods in competition with the railways. The taxpayer and ratepayer find the money for all repairs, thus once more subsidizing the motor at the expense of the railway industry. The motors employ very few men—each railway station finds employment for a larger or smaller body of men. The motors are fed on foreign petrol. They have few responsibilities and can charge as much or as little as they like.

At the beginning of next year new duties will come into force. The legislation is based upon the Salter Report, which recommends that "the total contribution payable by all classes of mechanically propelled vehicles, whether in the form of licence duty or petrol duty, should be equal to the current expenditure on the roads." This, however, takes no account of the capital cost of the roads, which is enormous, nor yet of the cost of policing motor traffic, which becomes yearly heavier, nor yet of the numerous additional burdens which the motorist piles upon us, as lighting, signals, and the like. Further, it does not affect the most important matter—the main subject of this article—which is the casualties.

However, from a financial point of view, it removes the chief anomaly. At present commercial vehicles pay a maximum duty of £60 for hard tyres and £48 for pneumatic. The new duties make sharp differentiation in weights and, in general, make the heavier vehicles contribute more adequately to the revenue. It has been suggested that 1½ tons is a suitable maximum weight for motor vehicles, and that coaches and lorries that exceed that amount should be specially licensed and should pay a special super-tax for every extra hundredweight.

Now that a beginning has been made in sounder finance, we may hope that heavy and dangerous vehicles will be discouraged, and that Parliament will turn its attention to the task of making the streets and highways safe.

In many minor, but important, details the authorities might do much to help. Drunkenness in a driver ought to be more severely visited. (The only difficulty is that it is almost impossible to prove a man drunk.) All reckless driving, of course, should meet with its appropriate punishment. It is extraordinary that drivers who have been proved to be public dangers should be allowed to retain their licences. It is only commonsense to hold that any man, who has undergone imprisonment

for a motor offence, should *ipso facto* be for ever disqualified from holding a licence.

More care, too, ought to be exercised in the issuing of licences. The hospitals have a standing grievance against motorists, in that they supply the injured with treatment, and much more often than not receive no payment for their services. The various powerful and wealthy motor organizations ought to take steps to compensate them.

The above suggestions, it would seem, are calculated to bring about a cessation of the present evils. Speed tracks, expenditure of public money upon speed, and neglect to protect the public, have brought about the ghastly butcher's bill. Let the causes cease—we may hope that the effects will cease also. Behind the active policy of the authorities, and reinforcing it, there should be a public opinion, resolute to assert its rights over streets and roads and better educated than it is now to appreciate rural beauty. Such an opinion will appraise at its proper worth the shrieks of the daily press, battening upon oil and motor advertisements. Its interests and those of the public are not compatible.

We have seen in the past that flesh and blood is cheap, that weighed in the balance with gold, it kicks the scale. As long as it paid to send small boys up chimneys, as long as it paid to sweat infants in cotton factories, as long as marine insurances were paid without question, so long was the cry of the children unheard and no one troubled about poor Jack. But make butchery and selfishness dangerous and unremunerative, and philanthropy advances with long strides. If the man who, driving at sixty miles an hour, causes a death, goes to gaol and loses his licence for ever, these offences will gradually die out. It is always the case that the astute and hardshelled profiteer gets a long start of the public. As soon as a new mechanical device appears, he turns it to his own profit, while the rest of the world is absorbed in the enjoyment of its new treasure. He

digs himself well in, and, though abuses multiply, the public is quiescent. When they become restive, they find, as now, that the abuses have got the upper hand. Six thousand corpses a year, and the scars of battle all over England and Wales. But in the end the people rise like lions after slumber, and later generations will wonder that we tolerated the hecatombs of road victims, as we now wonder that our grandfathers tolerated the hecatombs of factory children.

We have the remedy in our own hands.

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Epitaphs

By David Grace

I

On an Editor

In his armchair he crushed great statesmen, made
The world afresh with ink; he now repents
In dire discomfort, an unheeded shade
Rejected with St. Peter's compliments.

II

On a Democratic Statesman

" Vox populi, vox Dei " was his creed;
He changed the former at his private need.
His chances of success are more remote
With God, but what of that? God has no vote.

III

On a Brilliant Post-Prandial Speaker

At many public banquets he addressed
The table and the world; his wit impressed
The well-filled company, but failed to please
Those others who'd had only bread and cheese.

IV

On an Atheist

He proudly said, " I have no need of God,"
And, worshipping himself, serenely trod
God's earth; but now a thought, though very dim
Dawns on his mind: God has no need of *him*.

V

On a Romantic Poet

Grief was to him as joy to other men.
He loved it; it inspired his weeping pen.
Now you, whom he so praised, ungrateful death,
To mourn himself have left him no more breath.

Some Aspects of the Present Military Situation between France and Germany

By Victor Wallace Germains

THE acid test of the present political tension in Europe is: Will Germany attempt to rearm irrespective of the consent of the other Powers? There can be no doubt as to the course of events should she attempt this. The futility of "sanctions" in the form of an economic blockade must be apparent to all. Germany is already suffering from a boycott organized by the Jews throughout the world without this having any other effect than to render her harder and more desperate than before; a blockade on a scale to convey serious hardships would require at least a year to be effective, and by that time she would be rearmed, and ready and willing to throw down a new gage of combat. "Sanctions," if applied at all, must thus take the form of military occupations, and anyone who believes that Germany, in her present mood, would submit to such measures passively, either knows very little about Germany, or else is living in a world of illusions. We must accept the issue that "sanctions" mean WAR, and it is the purpose of this article to discuss the military problems to be envisaged in such a struggle, quite apart from the political or moral issues involved.

We must start by urging the reader to dismiss two extremes of exaggeration. There is much loose talk as to German "secret" armaments; German "secret" weapons, such as gas, and specially long-range guns. A more truthful view is that Germany has employed the seven months since Hitler seized the reins of power, in intensive preparation for a "rush" programme of all kinds of munitions, guns, aircraft, tanks, machine-guns, etc.; moreover, she has been experimenting intensively

with anti-tank rifle bullets, and anti-tank, and anti-aircraft methods, machine-guns, and artillery. Of all illusions there can be none greater than to imagine that Germany does not fully realize all the dangerous consequences to herself involved in the present crisis, or that Hitler, and the men about him, have not realized that this crisis was inevitable, and worked heart and soul to prepare for it, from the very first days of Nazi domination in Berlin. On the other hand, these preparations have not at present reached much beyond the paper and experimental stage, and if it is to be a matter of suddenly rushing through a munitions programme to arm and equip twenty times as many men as are at present under arms, then, no matter how well the thing has been planned and organized before hand, a certain amount of error, inco-ordination, and friction, is to be expected, once it attempted to do the thing in practice. Thus Germany will certainly try her very hardest to get the maximum time for preparation by diplomatic means before avowing her real intentions openly.

As against the alarmist pictures of German " secret " armaments must be set the optimism of official British and French military circles—which is just as misleading. The views of these circles run: Germany has no heavy guns, aircraft, or tanks, and she will require a minimum of six months with which to equip herself with such weapons on a scale worth talking about. But within these six months we can, at need, bomb German cities out of existence, overrun her, industrial regions, such as the Ruhr, with our own armoured forces, backed up by infantry and heavy artillery; nip any effort at rearmament by Germany in the bud. This is a very comforting theory. Unhappily it rather leaves out of count the intensive study by Germany of anti-tank and A.A. methods, or the very advanced stage of German preparations to raise a national army.

" Mechanization " is used much too loosely in British army circles to mean tanks or cross-country transport

vehicles; the tendency is too common to believe that methods which have been successful in one war are bound to be equally successful in another. The gun, rifle, machine-gun, are also *machines*, and the use of machine-tools to prepare a position must also be included in "mechanization." But once we take this broader view it becomes apparent that against the Anglo-French superiority in tanks, cross-country vehicles, and the like, must be set Germany's highly-organized industry, her thousands and thousands of highly-trained engineers, chemists, mechanics, draughtsmen, and so on; her reservoir of machine-tools, mechanical shovels, dredgers, hammers, saws, etc., which under a well-thought-out scheme of defence should give her the power to throw up a line of defence impenetrable at least to existing types of Anglo-French tanks, at astonishingly short notice. It must never be forgotten that the Germany of to-day is something very different to the Germany of 1918. The Germany of those days was a nation "fought out," weary, lacking in the moral elasticity necessary to rise superior to a sudden disastrous shock. But the Germany of to-day is a nation intoxicated with enthusiasm for an ideal, eager to wipe out old wrongs, or at least things she has been taught to believe are wrongs. I think that the tendency both with ourselves and the French is too much to reason from the weapon to the community, instead of from the community to the weapon. But it is the community which makes weapons, *not* weapons which make the community. Because tanks, used suddenly as a surprise, played a great part at Amiens and Château Thierry, it is rash to jump to the conclusion that superiority whether in numbers or in types of tanks is going to play an overwhelmingly decisive part in the next war. If one boils the thing down, one discovers that the problem, tank *versus* entrenched infantry and guns, is a new edition of a very old problem, viz. the ship against the fort, and although, at Algiers, 1816, Kinburn, 1855, and Alexandria, 1882, ships *have* beaten forts,

still, all other things being equal, the odds are not on the ship, but on the fort.

With regard to air attack one notices the same tendency to reason from the weapon to the community, instead of *vice versa*. Germany's peculiar vulnerability to air attack has led to the intensive study of methods to defeat it. Although I was the first writer to urge in "The 'Mechanization' of War" the value of artificial fog for screening cities and junctions, etc., against air attack, it was with considerable surprise that I heard that Germany had been actually experimenting on these lines, experiments which, I may say, have been very successful, with the result that any force attempting to bomb a German town would soon find itself without any landmarks, or means of knowing whether it had reached its destination or not, whilst an attempt to get its bearings by wireless "directional" would be an infallible means of betraying its own whereabouts to an enemy. The screening of troops and transport convoys whilst on the march by similar means has been brought to a high level of efficiency.

Germany, at the present time, has 100,000 Reichswehr, plus some 500,000 Sturmtruppen, who are, on the whole, more efficient than our own Territorials. Of course, plans for linking Reichswehr and Sturmtruppen have been worked out in advance, and it must be remembered that in those elements which are the weakest points of hastily improvised armies, staff officers and commanders possessed of great practical experience in the difficult art of handling masses of troops, stores, and guns in battle; cadres of trained regimental officers, and N.C.O.s, capable of hammering new formations into shape, Germany is particularly well off; very much better off than was Great Britain in 1914; better off even than is Great Britain at the present time. For the Nazi "machine" has extended its grip all over Germany; it is a machine handled by a man of iron will and possessed of tremendous "drive"; and behind this man stand all the moral and

material resources of a nation which is one of the most highly industrialized peoples in the world; a people who, if war comes, will feel that they are fighting for their bare existence against a world saturated with humbug, hypocrisy, and cant. This may not be a truthful picture of the pacifist idealism of the West, but the average German of the present day believes it to be a truthful picture and, as Sir Edward Grey once said in the House of Commons, " sentiments are *facts*." As against all the tremendous moral force of a Germany despotically governed, but enthusiastic in the support of this despotism because it reflects, or seems to reflect, ideals dear to every German save an insignificant internationalist clique, must be set an England and France saturated with the ideal of " no more war," and trained to see armies as, in the words of a very well-known British " scientific " military writer, " mechanized Prætorian Guards to financial oligarchs." This is not an ideal calculated to inspire men with any enthusiasm to die for their country.

The extent to which Germans admire Lord Kitchener is not generally realized in England, nor do even British military writers realize the thorough study made in Germany of the means and methods by which Kitchener raised the new armies. Kitchener had the advantage that we were an island power in command of the sea, and that the French and Russian armies were available to take the first shock of the war on land. Germany has the *disadvantage* that she is open to an immediate invasion, and is minus allies. This has led to the theory of the *fortified frontier* to provide an artificial screen behind which she can raise, organize, train and equip her new national armies. In fact, this question of the fortified frontier is the very crux of the military problem. If Germany can hold up an allied invasion for say six months or so then she can rush through her munitions programme, raise new armies almost by the stamp of a foot, and start a counter-offensive at her own chosen moment. I have already advanced certain considerations to show

that Germany's prospects of solving this particular aspect of her problem are much more favourable than is realized by the General Staffs either in England or France. After making allowance for exaggerated estimates she can certainly put a million men in the field. In 1914 the average British battalion could mobilize only some 450 trained men, it was necessary to draw upon reservists to bring them to the war-establishment of 1,029. But the Reichswehr is made up almost entirely of trained men; for its size it is probably the most efficient regular army in Europe. It would be easy enough to expand each company into a battalion mostly by drawing upon men who are either trained soldiers or at least semi-trained. If it is intended, at the outset, to act upon the defensive, such a force could be trusted to put up a good fight. The disadvantage, from the German standpoint, would be that, at least in the opening phases, it would be made up mainly of infantry and field artillery. Such aircraft as are available would be heavy bombers, capable enough of destructive raids on great cities, but incapable of use for artillery observation or to pursue and bring down enemy aircraft. There would, moreover, be a grave lack of heavy guns for counter-battery work. But if our experiences on the Somme teach anything at all it is that deficiencies in both aircraft and in heavy guns are no insuperable hindrances to a successful defence. Given mechanical excavators, deep dug-outs can be thrown up on a scale to baffle the most formidable artillery bombardment; these dug-outs can be made proof against gas; glorified pitfalls can be dug against tanks. Moreover, a mine which a man could tread upon with impunity would make a nasty mess of a tank, and given mechanical minelayers, easy enough to contrive, mine-fields can be sown with the rapidity with which the farmer sows his corn. These are considerations which lead me to the opinion that Germany *can* produce a fortified frontier, to pierce which will be an infinitely more formidable undertaking than is realized by military

circles in our own country, or in France. If Germany holds this frontier with only half her troops she will have forces in hand powerful enough to beat off any attacks by Czechs or Poles.

Most military disasters are due to faulty intelligence; to an under-estimate of enemy leadership or resources; or to an equally fatal tendency to get hold of a perfectly sound theory and to carry the thing to excess. It is doubtful if the intelligence services of the British and French armies are as well informed as to events in Germany as is popularly believed, or as they *ought* to be; it is certain that there is a tendency to underrate Germany from the military standpoint, the consequences of which may be disastrous. Perhaps the third failure, the tendency to get hold of a sound theory and worry the unfortunate thing to death is mainly responsible for errors made in other directions. After having started by ridiculing and belittling tanks the General Staffs of Europe have now gone to the opposite extreme; they write and talk about the tank as if it were an infallible elixir of victory. The truth is that the tank is an excellent weapon, but that its value depends entirely upon the manner in which it is used, and the conditions under which it is used. It is puerile to believe that errors in staff work, or in leadership, or due to lack of preparation, can be atoned for by suddenly improvizing masses of tanks.

It cannot be too often or too emphatically proclaimed that the British Army, as at present organized, is totally incapable of playing any effective part in military operations on any large scale. Our regular army is one-third less strong than it was in 1914; the Special Reserve, which played so valuable a role, is non-existent; the Territorial Army is only half as strong, and even less trained. The responsibility for this state of affairs, which is very unsatisfactory, must be shared between the successive Chiefs of the Imperial General Staff and the successive civilian governments.

"Did they reflect when they rushed headlong into a war like this," was the cry wrung from Kitchener, "that they were without an army and without the means of equipping one?" But the British Government seems to share with the late lamented Bourbons in an equal incapacity either to learn or to forget. To-day we have exactly the same sort of thing, warlike speeches in the House of Lords, and an utter blindness as to our own lack of preparation for anything so formidable as a war with Hitler-Germany. It is to be hoped that the time will not come when we may be forced to pay for the incapacity of our rulers with the lives of our own men.

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"The Death of Roussen Beg"

Translated by Anne Agnew.

From the French of Jean Bommart.

SARAJEVO, the religious capital of Bosnia, is built surrounded by a circus of mountains. The European quarter consists of the Governor's palace, a railway station, a hotel, and six fortress barracks. The Mussulman town is entirely separate from it.

Thousands of little white houses, the windows barred with wooden bars, projecting one above the other along the tortuous streets, nestle together all alike sunk in the rich verdure of their gardens.

A hundred mosques, for the most part simple wooden structures, make up the pride of Sarajevo. Some are solid monuments, their domes white-washed with chalk, and from each one rises up a minaret flanked by a gigantic poplar tree which enhances its slender silhouette. Five times a day a hundred Muezzins cry aloud above the town : " God is great, and Mahomet is his prophet ! "

And five times a day the merchants in the Souks, the metal-workers and copper-beaters in their booths, the peasants in the Bazaar, the travellers in the Han—50,000 true believers—strike the earth with their foreheads.

The war, which for four years their Austrian masters waged against the occidental powers, had up till then left the Bosnian peasant indifferent.

A few among the Christians wholeheartedly desired the extinction of the immense Empire and the union with their brothers of the Serbian race.

But the greater part of the Mussulmans were of the opinion that the Austrians had replaced with advantage their late oppressors, the Turk; for no longer were they bowed down under the weight of taxes, or called upon for military service, and were allowed free exercise of their religion.

Ten years previously the Emperor Francis Joseph had nominated Roussen Beg, Governor of Bosnia. A Bosnian noble and a Mussulman, he was venerated by all

true believers on account of his virtues. Upon his demand the Government had caused the great Mosque to be repaired. Thus, during the winter months, the aged inhabitants now found warm water for their ablutions; and bread was distributed to the poor.

The merchants, the Mussulmans, the Jews and the Christians lived shoulder to shoulder in the Souks in peace. All the shops were closed on Friday the holy day of the Mussulmans, on Saturday the Sabbath of the Jews, and on Sunday the Christian festival. In this manner the fear of competition would prevent none from fulfilling their religious duties.

On a certain day, Wednesday of the week preceding the feast of Ramadan, a swarming crowd filled the market place.

Along the alleys of the Souks, the stalls of the knife-grinders, the cobblers and the weavers opened one by one. The purchasers and the idlers lounged leisurely past. The Bosniac nobles gravely displaying their corpulence, their wide leather belts bristling with pistols; the Imans dressed in their yellowish silken robes, with immaculate turbans and snowy beards; women, veiled in black, enveloped from head to foot in a single piece of grey material; little girls wearing multi-coloured shawls and full Turkish trousers caught in at the ankles; gigantic peasants made taller still by the high sheepskin head-dress they wore.

The most animated spot of all was the central market place. The hillwomen triply veiled squatting on their heels on the paving stones sold divers merchandize; embroideries, old clothes, skins of wolves, socks, bags, rugs of brilliant hues, small fifes carved by the shepherd's knife, cheeses and jars of fermented milk.

Suddenly, as the hour of the second prayer approached, this human sea swayed, and a murmur of curiosity spread through it. Contrary to the usual custom, the Grand Iman himself had made his appearance on the Minaret of the great Mosque. And he was over eighty years of age.

In a wind that blew his robe from side to side and wafted his white beard to and fro, he cried out something which none could hear. But a young and vigorous Muezzin repeated his words after him: "Roussen Beg, Governor of Bosnia, saint among the saints, was dead, and prayers must be offered up for his soul."

The consternation was general. Each one instantly left his occupation and set out to venerate the mortal remains, and run the chance of being able to touch with the shoulder, were it only for an instant, the stretcher bearing the body to the cemetery—for to bury the dead is a pious act.

But unforeseen tidings, received with stupefaction, passed from mouth to mouth. The Austrian Government had announced its intention of honouring the defunct with a grandiose funeral with speeches accompanied by salvoes of artillery. In three days only the body would be restored to the Imans who would carry out the burial according to Mussulman rights.

. . . And it is written that the remains should be placed still warm into the earth, in order that the servant of God may appear before his Judge as soon as the angel Azraël had come to call him. And the body should be borne to the cemetery on a common stretcher, naked under a linen cloth, no matter what in this world had been the rank.

A roaring made up of a thousand maledictions addressed to the oppressors broke out. The crowd poured forth towards the great Mosque. Already assembled there were the nobles and chiefs of the corporations. These latter, having attempted to penetrate with a stretcher into the house of the dead had been repulsed with blows by the police. Through the bars of the courtyard the first arrivals were informed of this outrage and a storm of cries of fury arose.

The Grand Iman, seated on a stone bench surrounded by a respectful circle, received at frequent intervals the messengers, bearers of grave news. The authorities,

alarmed by this effervescence, unforeseen by them, called out the garrison.

— My father, the Austrians are bringing up the cavalry from Monastir. . . .

— My father, the iron doors of the barracks are being closed ! . . .

— My father, the cannon of the forts are being turned on to the town. . . .

— My father, if you but allow, in a few hours these dogs of unbelievers will be driven out from here . . . and the body of our Roussen will lie this night in consecrated ground !

— This final sentence spoken in a tone of energy, was followed by a murmur of approbation. More than one glance of hatred was cast in the direction of the Austrian forts, dotted like little white cubes about the surroundings.

The Grand Iman raised his eyes. He seemed to awaken from a dream, his glance swept slowly over the multitude who pressed around him.

— My sons, he said, — the body of our brother Roussen, must this night, lie in the earth. The law ordains it. . . . — but we may perhaps attain this without recourse to violence . . . with God's Will ! Return to your homes and only at the hour of the fifth prayer assemble here again. If what I am about to attempt fails . . . it will then be time to act. . . . In the name of God, depart, my sons !

The crowd saluted very low, quietly dispersing. As for the Grand Iman, left alone with his vicars in the courtyard of the Mosque, where the flocks of pigeons once again whirled in the azure atmosphere; he demanded his mule. Laboriously he raised himself into the saddle and rode off in the direction of the Government palace.

Two hours later the town had regained its usual calm. The guard had been removed from before the gates of the dwelling of Roussen Beg. The shops in the Bazaar were all closed. The foreigners, who despite the orders of the police hazarded into the streets, found them empty.

The following day the Government representatives arrived, and the day after that the funeral ceremonies of the late Roussen Beg, Governor Pascha of Bosnia, were celebrated with pomp and splendour. A numerous assistance, uniquely composed of the Diplomatic Corps, of the garrison and the Jewish and Christian population of the town followed the gilded hearse bearing the ebony coffin of a high Austrian dignitary. The silken flag spread over it was resplendent with decorations, a company of infantry rendered the honours, and the salvoes fired from the cannon mounted on the forts resounded throughout the mountain gorges.

After having passed through the principal streets, the caparisoned hearse came to a standstill in front of the great Mosque. The bier was deposited in the sacristy whilst a Government official read an oration. Following which everyone withdrew abandoning the body of Roussen Beg to the care of the priests of his religion.

When the last official had passed through the door, it was carefully closed. After which a servitor, seizing hold of a hatchet, smashed the coffin into bits.

It was empty.

Two days before the remains of Roussen Beg had been removed from the mortuary house, thanks to the complicity of the prefect of the police, to whom the Grand Iman had given the choice between a subterfuge or a revolt. And it had been carried to the Mosque and afterwards to the cemetery on the common stretcher, naked under a simple linen covering—as the law ordains.

" A single thorn, — says the Arab proverb, — dropped into the well at which the camels drink, can endanger the whole caravan."

And this little story is true. . . .

And some time afterwards a certain archduke who came to hold a parade at Sarajevo the Holy, was assassinated.

And, some time afterwards . . .

The Depth of Freudism

By Colonel Arthur Lynch

TWO imposing theories occupy a vast place in the education of the rising generation; both are ill-conceived and detrimental to real intellectual progress, so that it becomes a duty to eliminate them in order to secure a true foundation of philosophical development. One of these is Einsteinism, which I dealt with recently in THE ENGLISH REVIEW, and the other is the doctrine of Freud. Relativity is a theory which has its origin in subtle psychological conceptions, but withal, though I regard Einstein as a misguided thinker, I have a veritable respect for the sincerity of his effort. Of Fruedism I say at the outset, and intentionally with blunt directness, that it is not a science at all, but simply a crude doctrine possessed of a special popular appeal.

A certain form of psycho-analysis has a legitimate place in the domain of psychology, and, by application, in a branch of medicine; I will deal with that aspect of the matter later, but it is necessary to make clear at the outset that what is valid in psycho-analysis might well have been employed on its own proper lines, and it is not necessarily derived from Freudism.

This doctrine had its origin, according to Freud's own statement, in the lecture theatre of Charcot. Freud had followed the course, and one day after a performance of his troupe of hysterics, Charcot, a remarkable figure, and himself the founder of a popular craze, said to him: "Sex is at the bottom of all that." That phrase was the inspiration of Freud's work. He felt at once the magic of the slogan, and everything he did, or wrote, or otherwise expounded, might be summed up in the words: Sex is at the bottom of all that.

Freud, who has been called the "Columbus of the Mind," had made a discovery, though in his case it was not the result, but the origin, of an adventurous voyage. He set up in Vienna, and he began to press to the full the meaning of Charcot's dictum. He founded a school

of the "New Psychology," and he set going his philosophical theory; from that day to this he has talked sex, sex, sex, whether in pontifical style he speaks of philosophy at large, or of memory, or of dreams, or of education, or of sociology, or even of political science.

But here at this stage, in order to obtain standards of criticism, I want the reader to enter what will seem another world, for it presents propositions and arguments which have none of the spicy allurement of Freud's discourses, but which will serve to indicate the foundations of a scientific method. Psychology, properly understood, is a science, even though a difficult and elusive science; and the central problem, the fascination of which haunted the minds of Aristotle and Kant, is that of discovering, on the analogy of chemistry, what are the elementary forms which enable us by their combination to build up all modes of thought. The ascertainment of these elementary forms, or what I call the Fundamental Processes of the Mind, became the task I set before myself during twenty years of intensive study, and the formulation of these processes is the basis of my "Principles of Psychology."

It is impossible to represent these processes merely as a list, they constitute rather the indications of the working of a sort of mental machine, and the demonstrations are too technical to be given here. Amongst the Fundamental Processes, however, may be mentioned Immediate Presentation (often designated as Sensation), Association, Memory, and Impulse, which carries us from one object of contemplation to another. I mention these in especial because already they suffice to indicate the scope of work of some of the thinkers whose names are famous in the history of philosophy. Most of the university professors who have written on these subjects deal distinctively with Association, and Freud's works are, in the scientific domain, expositions of that process.

All this sounds perhaps somewhat laboured, but I have in mind an old friend of my student days who,

ardent for discovery though woefully uneducated, invented a perpetual motion machine. A steam boiler formed a part of the arrangement, and the hardy inventor said that when he heard the steam go, "puff! puff!" he knew he had found the secret. Now Sex is the steam boiler of Freud's theory, and it has as much to do with the explanation of psychological processes as my friend's necessary but not all-sufficient steam boiler. Freud, however, had a much easier task, for whereas the inventor of a perpetual motion contrivance has to make it start and keep it going, Freud had only to assert, by way of support to a series of inane statements in his doctrine, "Sex is at the bottom of all that."

Freud has written a number of books, such as "Studies of Hysteria," "A General Introduction to Psycho-Analysis," "The Interpretations of Dreams," "The Ego and the Id (Es)," "Totem and Taboo," and one in particular which has achieved fame for the extraordinary character of the doctrine it sets forth, "Leonardo da Vinci."

In none of these books have I been able to find a clear statement of the general principles of the science, as he conceives it; and that is one reason why a reasoned and consecutive criticism of his themes is so difficult. Thus, for example, in the works of any master of science one finds laid down a basis of the work, consisting in the enunciation of the main principles, the proof of their validity; and then a development of the theory along consecutive lines, with reasoning as cogent as possible, and then the indication of the possible applications of the system. All this is conspicuous by its absence in Freud.

Two or three extracts will indicate sufficiently the inevitable trend of his mind. In his book on hysteria (Studien über Hysterie), for example, he does not, after the wonted manner of medical books, give us an account of the nature of the malady, its etiology (origin), the signs and symptoms, and the treatment. He sets forth

at once his theory, "Sex is at the bottom of all that." In his introduction he enters a plea for not pressing this doctrine with even greater fervour, for he says that there might be a danger of overstepping medical discretion. Then he remarks: "Therefore it happens that we are only able, incompletely from our point of view, to bring the necessary proof of the doctrine: Sexuality plays, as the source of psychic dreams and as motive of the instituted defences (Abwehr), the urge to ideas out of our consciousness, the main rôle in the pathogenesis of Hysteria."

He then takes a number of cases and he gives a description of these in turn, the exposition running on the lines of what a medical practitioner would call a history of the case, but without proper references to the causative forces or the origin of the physical reactions. All this is another way of saying that his exposition is superficial; and so, in my opinion, are all his theses, with this proviso that he compensates for deep research by inventing terms which at length constitute a special jargon.

The emotional disturbances of which hysteria is an example depend largely on the state of various important glands of the body, such as the thyroid, or the parathyroid, or the pituitary, or the suprarenal glands, and here we have a fascinating field of science. These glands should not be studied in isolation; the functioning of the body and of the mind depends on a certain co-operation and co-ordination of a great number of factors associated with the glands, and also with other constituents of the whole physical make-up. When the balance is disturbed nervous instability results; and the whole case is here summed up by saying that various nervous disturbances are produced by this want of balance, or, as it has been expressed in a phrase, the "imbalance of the endocrines."

This comment is not unconnected with the discussion of the Freudian theory; on the contrary, by indicating what he lacks it serves as a guide to those who care to read his books critically. In dealing with the case of a

young Englishwoman who, being very sensitive to sounds, removed all the clocks and watches before going to bed, and also arranged the ornaments, such as vases, in a particular order, Freud calls this a "sleep ritual"; and here is his judgment: "Her precaution against the breaking of the vases was a rejection of the entire virginity complex."

This conclusion may or may not be illuminating but anyone who knows the setting of Freud's mind would expect it as inevitable.

A quotation from the work in which he expounds the theory of psycho-analysis runs thus: "Once the discovery was made that the disease symptoms of certain nervous patients have a meaning, the conception of the psycho-analytic method of therapy was founded. In this treatment it happened that the patients also presented dreams in place of other symptoms. Herewith originated the conjecture that these dreams also have a meaning."

Let us, however, look a little closely at the whole strain of his argument, we will find in every sentence something that we may feel inclined to contest. The recognition that disease symptoms of any patients whatever have a meaning is not a "discovery" of Freud, it is certainly as old as Hippocrates whose methods are instructive even to modern students. The conjecture that dreams also have a meaning is, if it be possible, still less of a recent discovery, for in the Bible and elsewhere we find that the interpretation of dreams was a matter of importance.

As to the distinction he makes in regard to dreams of their "somatic" or "psychic" character, I am not quite sure of what he intends to convey. It is well known to every student of dreams that the somatic or bodily conditions have great influence in regard to the particular character they assume; a Norwegian author, Mourly Vold, has, in fact, written two volumes dealing with the effect on dreams of the position of the limbs; but when the

dream itself occurs, no matter what its remote origin, it cannot be otherwise than "psychic," that is to say composed of combinations of mental images and their relations. In that realm I have also some means of testing, for through many years I have kept records of dreams, both of my own and others, and I have submitted them to careful analysis and study so as to discover the causes that have produced them, and the significance of their manifestations. On two occasions also I have been able to secure the experimental conditions that have enabled me to test their duration, and Claparède, the Swiss psychologist, and others have also pursued the experimental method. Is there anything comparable with this in Freud's methods? Not for a moment.

Dreams and memory are closely related and Freud has dealt voluminously also with this subject.

With regard to memory also I have pursued the laborious plan of long-continued, patient studies and experiments, many of them very arduous, extending over years of time. As a compensation I have obtained some definite results, and these have been made the foundation of a learned and excellent work of Professor L. Dugas, of Rennes, "La Mémoire et l'Oubli." Is anything of this sort to be found in Freud? Nothing. He dispenses with such aids as study and experiment, and talks of sex and more sex.

Then there is the famous "Unconscious." The Freudians, and most of the distinguished professors of psychology, speak and write as if there were two worlds of thought, the Conscious and the Unconscious, or Sub-Conscious, to which is attributed the function of complicating, or at times, aiding the course of things in the conscious world. Here again we come to a part of the exposition of scientific psychology which requires very careful and persistent study.

Briefly the scientific position may be thus stated. The use of the "Sub-Conscious" in the popular sense is altogether inadmissible. All the reserve and background

of our experience and knowledge is at each moment out of the range of consciousness, except along the train of thought actually in the mind at that moment. In other words, in answer to the question: How many things can one think of at one moment? the answer is two, one object of thought sinking accordingly as its successor, bound by a tie of associations, rises; the succession of the thoughts is the resultant of the immediate stimuli from the external world and the force of associations of the "Sub-Conscious" fund of knowledge and impulses. You will not find in Freud such an exposition, or any kind of study of the subject, or even any hint that he has ever considered what he means by the "Unconscious." After all, why should he undertake such thankless tasks when he requires only to speak of Sex?

Let us consider one example taken from the Freudian school. The psycho-analyst offers the term "Male Nurse," and waits for the reaction. There is delay, hesitation, and then the response, "Female Nurse." Ah, cries Jung, like a true Freudian, there at once you see the sexual influence; and with that the whole problem of psychology is decided.

Then there is the famous "Œdipus Complex," for according to one of his disciples: "The theory of the Œdipus Complex has supplied the energy which has driven Freud's triumphal chariot round the world." The suggestion that gave rise to the theory so extolled is to be found in a note in the diary of Leonardo da Vinci: "It seems to me that it had been destined before that I should occupy myself so thoroughly with the vulture, for it comes to my mind as a very early memory, when I was still in the cradle, that a vulture came down to me and opened my mouth with his tail against my lips."

Freud fastens with eagerness on this statement, and makes it the foundation of a book and of a theory. The theory is fantastic and of a character that certainly could have emanated only from Freud. He begins by saying that "nothing is too small to strike the notice of

the psycho-analyst," and he goes on to say that the story is pure fantasy since no one could recollect an incident which occurred so early in life. He is wrong in his facts at this point; while, though he says nothing is too small to escape the notice of the psycho-analyst, it escapes his notice that Leonardo himself, who is the sole source of the story, cites it as a memory. The theory expressed in its mildest form is that the life of every boy and man is coloured by an illicit childish love of his mother and hatred of his father.

Space is too short seriously to refute this theory point by point; I will therefore be content to ask any one who studies it to find some ground for Freud's dicta other than his own perverse imagination. Finally, by dint of diligence, I also have become able to write in the Freudian diction. Thus whereas many people have noticed only the superficial aspect of the story of Little Jack Horner, I feel able to enter into it much more deeply and explain away its mysteries! Little Jack Horner is really an instance of a struggle (Contest Complex) between a homotactic impulsive and an ego-centric dyschezia. We find here, too, the pathegraphic inhibition with the Repressive Complex (double conflict) driven by the Abulias either to the fixation or sublimation of the Sex-instinct, or the esglow (Libido-quantum) of an erogenous zone of perverted imaginings (Freudism). . . .

How then can we account for Freud's enormous popularity or at least publicity? I would have at one time found it more difficult to answer that question than now; but in the preparation of one of my books I had to look into successive phases of development of the principal sciences, and I found that there never has been a generation when some popular theory has not held the ground, even in the minds of scientific men, against true science, only to be scouted when the vogue had passed. Freud was not wrong when he recognized the force of the interest in sex; but men of science, especially in the domains of psychology and medicine have been abominably at fault in accepting his doctrines as of scientific value.

Is the T.U.C. a Democratic Body?

By a Trade Unionist

TO a minor trade union branch official of many years' standing who has attended different Trade Union Congresses, and who has closely studied its work and the development of the movement, the grandiloquent presidential address, carefully prepared by " experts " at Transport House and delivered to the delegates at whatever health resort has been chosen for the annual assembly of the Trades Union Congress, affords not a little amusement.

Surrounded by his General Council and numerous other high priests of union officialism, the President rises to his feet accompanied by vociferous applause, which begins on the platform and swells throughout the hall. He welcomes the delegates, refers to previous congresses and to the battles of the past, and then declares that the Congress over which " it is my great honour to preside, meets at a crucial stage in the history of organized labour," or, by way of a change, " at the most critical period in the history of trade unionism," after which he reviews the past year's work and proceeds to dwell at length on " the most important business before us."

It is an extraordinary fact that every year " a most important question "—not necessarily directly concerned with trade union matters, wages or conditions—comes before Congress and overshadows all other business. The General Council tables a motion dealing with the question, and the ensuing debate occupies more time than any other item on the agenda. It may be Family Allowances, or A Living Wage for All, or the Right of Communists to hold Office in the Unions, or The Trades Disputes Act; one searches past congress reports in vain for a considered plan for raising wages or maintaining existing standard rates, or for developing the resources

of the nation and distributing the fruits of production, which, after all, are problems that should be discussed by a congress of trade unionists.

One might almost be led to think that a benevolent dispensation, recognizing the dull dreariness of discussing hoary old annual resolutions, purposely arranges that there shall be "a question of paramount importance" before the delegates, in order to relieve the greyness of things; but close examination makes one rather suspect the General Council of giving undue prominence to abstract matters of "primary importance," hoping that they will make an effective smoke-screen, behind which more concrete resolutions safeguarding the positions of the high priests and maintaining the dictatorship of the General Council, are pushed through.

The great question before the Brighton Congress was the growth of Fascism and dictatorships in Europe. "Within the last twelve months," said Mr. A. G. Walkden, "they had seen the organizations of democracy and the institutions of citizenship smashed to fragments in Germany," and he spoke of the T.U.C. as the workers' great democratic movement. Mr. John Bromley moved a resolution calling upon "British Trade Union, Labour and Co-operative Movements to reaffirm their faith in Democracy," and all who took part in the ensuing debate referred to the British Democratic Movement. And a daily contemporary came out with splash headlines, "T.U.C. TO DEFEND DEMOCRACY! FORCE AND DICTATORSHIP REJECTED!"

But is the T.U.C. a democratic body? That *is* a question of paramount importance, and I shall endeavour to show that it is as bureaucratic and autocratic as any Fascist organization.

Democracy is that form of government in which the people rules itself, either directly or through representatives, and the word is applied generally to any organization, society or institution, the officers of which are elected by the popular vote of its members.

Does the T.U.C. answer to this description? Are all the delegates elected by the popular vote of the members of the union they represent? Not exactly. Some unions, it is true, do elect their delegates by ballot vote, but many are appointed by the union Executive from among themselves, without in any way consulting the rank and file, and each delegation is accompanied by some full-time officials. The Amalgamated Engineering Union, for example, elects from the rank and file ten delegates to represent 190,000 members, but the Executive Council appoints the General Secretary, the President, and two full-time E.C. members to also attend the congress, and it is they who influence the actions and votes of the delegation.

By no stretch of imagination can the members of the General Council of the T.U.C. claim to be democratically elected, and if ever a body of men should be so elected—by a properly conducted ballot of the rank and file—it is the General Council. Such an important body, capable of wielding almost unlimited power in the industrial world, should be thoroughly representative of the men and women in the fields, factories and workshops, whose hardly-earned pence, regularly paid week by week, provide these high priests of officialdom with their not inconsiderable salaries. But what are the facts?

There are thirty-two members of the General Council, their average age is fifty-five, and every one is a full-time official. The Council is elected at the annual meeting, by means of the card, or block vote, each delegate voting according to the numerical strength of the members they represent, the *officials* deciding for whom they shall vote. The nominees for the Council are carefully selected by the Union Executives and the card votes are openly and unblushingly bartered for amongst the officials, the delegates having little or nothing to say in the matter. Consequently, any unofficial candidate who may be put forward by delegates who disagree with this undemocratic procedure, doesn't stand an earthly chance of securing election. It is done in this way. The miners'

officials, having decided upon their nominee, approach the officials of the engineers' union, who have already decided upon their nominee, and it is tacitly agreed that the whole of the miners' votes shall go to the engineers' candidate, on condition that the whole of the engineers' votes shall be cast for the miners' man. And they talk about democracy! There is no evidence of any change having taken place in the personnel of the General Council *through an election* for the last ten years. The only vacancies that have occurred have been caused by death or retirement. All the old gang were re-elected at Brighton, except Mr. John McGurk and Mr. R. T. Jones (mining group), neither of whom sought re-election, and they were replaced by Mr. Peter Lee and Mr. W. Forshaw. Mr. Marchbank, who will probably be the new General Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, took the place of the late Mr. C. T. Cramp. A seat on the T.U.C. General Council is apparently as safe as a seat in the House of Lords.

Was Mr. W. M. Citrine elected General Secretary of the T.U.C. by popular vote of the membership of the unions? He was not. Was Mr. A. S. Firth elected Assistant Secretary in a like manner? He was not. Do they have to submit to periodical re-election? They do not. When Mr. Fred Bramley, the former secretary, died in 1925, Mr. Citrine, then assistant secretary, was appointed to the post without even the semblance of a democratic ballot, and the General Council formally advertised for an assistant. Why they should have so wasted money it is difficult to say, unless it was to delude trade unionists into thinking that the T.U.C. is a democratic body, for it is common knowledge that Mr. Firth was earmarked for the job. He was a principal clerk at headquarters before succeeding to his present post. Both posts are permanent until Mr. Citrine retires or dies, and then Mr. Firth will be promoted, and the farce of advertising for an assistant will be repeated. This may be the most effective way of securing efficient officers, but it is no

more democratic than is the appointment of the secretary, chairman and board of directors of a limited company!

It may be reasonably assumed that whilst the membership of the Amalgamated Engineering Union are perfectly satisfied with Mr. A. B. Swales as an Executive Councilman, they might like to appoint another member to the General Council. The members might possibly agree to that appointment and at the same time object to Mr. A. G. Walkden as his colleague. As has already been said, the membership have no say in the matter.

Pressed by a thinking rank and file, the A.E.U. delegates have more than once submitted to Congress a proposal that there shall be elected to the General Council six representatives direct from the workshop, not more than one for any particular group, but this obviously democratic proposal has been fiercely opposed by the hierarchy of officialdom. How dare the rank and file seek to invade their sacred domain!

The card vote is also exploited when voting on important matters, and what passes publicly for the considered opinion of the whole trade union movement is merely the mechanical operation of the card vote, exercised by a few delegates under the instructions of the officials. When the vote is about to be taken, officials move amongst the delegates telling them how to vote—the writer has seen delegates bullied into voting against their better judgment. The members never have an opportunity of discussing the agenda, they never see one; as a matter of fact, thousands do not know that their union is represented at Congress, consequently the members cannot instruct their delegates how to act, and delegates do not even trouble to seek a mandate. Yet the delegates are able, and actually do, use the hundreds of thousands of votes of the members just as they think fit, or as ordered by the high officials.

Clearly, then, the T.U.C. is not a democratic body, and when the President of the Brighton Congress asked the delegates to rally to the defence of democracy he

really meant them to rally to the defence of the General Council, which is probably the most rigid bureaucracy in the country.

What is the real explanation of this apparently academic resolution of resisting dictatorship? The answer will be found in the fact that the fortunes of the T.U.C. are linked up with the International Federation of Trade Unions. Adolph Hitler's rise to power in Germany resulted in the loss of 8,000,000 members to the I.F.T.U.—Germany had the largest affiliated membership. The decision of the Austrian Chancellor, Herr Dollfuss, to set up a Fascist Dictatorship in that country means the loss of the Austrian trade unionists to the I.F.T.U. A Fascist or Communist dictatorship in Britain may not result in the complete dissolution of the unions—they are, perhaps, too firmly established and, in many respects, useful to industry—but it would certainly mean the overthrow of the General Council, and possibly the T.U.C. itself. That is what the panjandrums fear. Any other dictatorship means the end of the dictatorship of the T.U.C., in which case the General Council will lose their lucrative jobs.

That the General Council are dictators cannot be disputed. Mr. John Jagger, a full-time official of the National Union of Distributive Workers and Allied Trades, in urging the General Council to delete from the resolution condemning all forms of dictatorship, that paragraph condemning dictatorship of the Left, said, "That is a dictatorship of the trade unions, and he could not get his blood to run cold at the idea of having that, even here." It is an open secret that Mr. Ernest Bevin has for a long time cherished the ambition to become the supreme dictator of all transport and general workers, and, if possible, of the whole trade union movement. Indeed, there is little love lost between Mr. Bevin and the high officials of the big craft unions because of his aspirations to the post of Industrial Dictator—maybe each has the same ambition!

Apart from that, the official hierarchy controls the whole publicity organization at Transport House. It controls nearly all the trade union magazines and journals, circulars, propaganda pamphlets and leaflets, and the panjandrums control the political direction of Labour's daily newspaper which is financially controlled by capitalists. This steel ring of dictatorship is impregnable to the onslaughts of the active young men who really believe in democracy. They may rave against it with all the energy and eloquence they are capable of, but even if they can force their issues as far as the floor of Congress, they are crushed by the block vote of officialdom.

The affiliated trade unions are equally bureaucratic, and they exercise in the factories and workshops a dictatorship as stern and unbending as that of the General Council, a dictatorship that is inimical to industrial recovery. Unions like the A.E.U. elect their officials by ballot vote of the members, but the only chance an outsider has of securing election is when an official retires or dies. Seldom is an official voted out of office, and for very good reasons. Officials resort to all the electioneering artifices known to the professional politician, and they use the machinery of the union for that purpose, every other full-time official counting as an election agent. And what is even worse, the funds of the union are often unnecessarily spent in safeguarding the position of officials.

The unions dictate as to who shall do certain classes of work; as to which union a man shall belong to; the amount of a man's piecework earnings, and the amount of work he shall do in a day. Strikes frequently occur over demarcation questions, and because a man earns too much. Not very long ago a strike occurred in a hundred per-cent. union foundry because one of their number earned a few shillings a week more than the limit set by union rules. The miners in a Welsh colliery struck work because six members of the A.E.U. refused

to join the Miners' Federation. Perhaps the worst instance of dictatorship was that cited by Lord Riddell a few years ago.

"A friend of mine, whose name I will not mention," said his Lordship, "some six weeks ago bought a machine that cost him £16,000. His relationship with his men are, I understand, of the most cordial character. The men welcomed the new plant so keenly that there was a violent dispute between two unions as to who should work it. The result was that the machine had to be laid up for six months while the unions settled their differences. Comment is needless."

One cannot refrain from smiling when listening to a high priest of officialdom talking about "our people," or "my class"—I heard one the other day. He worked himself almost to a frenzy as he rose to heights of rhetoric when describing the sufferings of "my class." There is every reason to believe that the man was perfectly honest and sincere in his sympathy for the poorly-paid and unemployed workers, but remembering that he is a thousand-a-year man living in a big house in the suburbs and running a motor car, one may be forgiven for suggesting that it was a gross exaggeration on his part to imply that he was a member of the working class.

The General Council, together with all full-time officials, are as far removed from the working class as any body of employers. In so far that they control the office staff at headquarters, they are themselves employers, and some of them at any rate are as tyrannical towards their employees as the worst type of commercial employer. They belong to the great official class, and the annual income of the high officials, made up of salary, expenses, fees, and other emoluments, would make many an employer green with envy.

Britain is essentially a democratic country. Its constitution and Government, its judiciary and all its social, political and educational institutions are

democratic in character. That is why Great Britain, of all countries in the world, has successfully weathered the storm of terrible depression and crises of the post-war period. True we have an unemployed problem, but British workers generally are better off than the workers of any other nation.

Being democratic, Britain is a free country in which every citizen has the inalienable right to get up at the street corner and freely give voice to his opinions, providing, of course, he is not libellous, blasphemous or obscene. We are free to publish our opinions, however much they may differ from orthodoxy, in printed form. There does not appear to be any need for, or fear of, the establishment of a dictatorship in this country.

No sensible person would wish for the suppression of the trade unions—to return to the state of *laisser-faire* that prevailed in industry a century ago is unthinkable. Employers generally are agreed that, properly conducted, trade unions serve a very useful purpose in industry. Employers' Federations have found it far more effective and satisfactory to negotiate questions of wages and conditions of employment with accredited representatives of the unions, making agreements that will be binding on all employees, than to have to deal with warring factions in the factories. As Lord Riddell once said, "No newspaper proprietor who knew his business would ever dream of employing non-unionists."

Nor would any sensible person suggest that trade union officials are unnecessary, or that they should only receive remuneration equal to the wages received by their members, but trade unions exist primarily for the protection of the interests of the whole of the membership, and the funds contributed by the rank and file should not be used to provide princely salaries and excessive expenses for the officials. Nor should they be used to maintain a hierarchy of officials at Transport House, and a General Council which is undemocratic in constitution and bureaucratic in character, and which

exercises a dictatorship in industry which is inimical to progress. There are indications of an early return to prosperity. Let the panjandrums of the T.U.C. show that they are really concerned about the welfare of the country by compelling affiliated unions to relax their dictatorship so as not to impede that return to prosperity.

Finally, if the high priests of Transport House are really in earnest about defending democracy, they will be well advised to remember that charity begins at home, and to set about putting their own house in order.

But that is essentially a question for the rank and file themselves to deal with. They must raise the matter in their branches and, through the proper channels, take steps to put an end to rampant professional officialism, and the Dictatorship of the Trades Union Congress. It will not be an easy task, for the high officials will stick like leeches.

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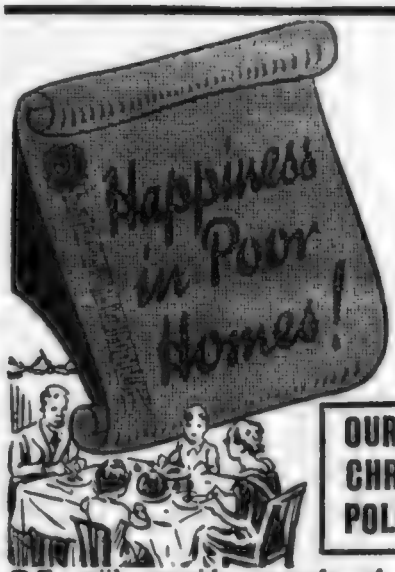

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Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

SINCE the last number of the ENGLISH REVIEW was published the writer of these Notes has been travelling in Central Europe and in Italy, and the conclusions at which he has arrived, after studying the situation on the spot, may not be without interest. In the first place, there does not appear to be the slightest danger of war in Western Europe. The French frontier is impregnable, so that a German attack on France is out of the question, even if Berlin were minded to attempt it, of which there is no evidence, while there is not the slightest chance of any French administration embarking upon an invasion of Germany. Indeed, public opinion both in France and Italy has remained quite calm in face of recent events in the Reich, and it is universally regretted abroad that the same has not been the case in our own country. The conflicting statements of British ministers, the violence of a certain section of the Press, and the manifest inability of the National Government to give a lead, either to its own people or to the Continent, have enormously weakened the prestige of Great Britain on the mainland of Europe.

Sir John Simon is regarded as having blundered very badly. His tactics at Geneva were a direct violation of the principles of the Four Power Pact, and there is much comment on the fact that since he has been at the Foreign Office two Great Powers have severed their connection with the League, largely as the result of his activities. Another year or two of Sir John Simon should, in these circumstances, suffice to dissolve the League altogether. In any event, the latter is not deemed to have much of a future, and the devotion of Lord Cecil and so many other so-called Conservatives to Geneva is frankly not understood abroad, where no illusions are entertained that the League is a synonym for peace. On the other hand, the Four Power Pact is clearly receiving an increasing

amount of support, especially in non-official circles, as the only effective means of international co-operation.

The Austrian Situation

THE background of Austrian politics was admirably sketched by Mr. Bland in the ENGLISH REVIEW last month, and it is now possible to be more optimistic than at any time since the end of the war. At long last there are signs of a growing Austrian national consciousness, which is becoming centred in the Archduke Otto. This development is particularly noticeable in the Tyrol, where, although Innsbruck is still a Nazi stronghold, the population as a whole is pro-Habsburg as the only means of preserving the independence of Austria. Resentment against Italy in the matter of the South Tyrol is dying down north of the Brenner, where the general attitude towards the lost province is *toujours y penser, jamais en parler*. In the face of German pressure, Italian friendship is too important to be alienated for purely sentimental reasons.

The Germans have overdone their propaganda, and the success of the recent Austrian internal loan, which Berlin did everything to prevent, by declaring that when the Nazis were in power in Vienna they would repudiate all obligations connected with it, was a serious reverse for the partizans of the *Anschluss*. The anti-Dollfus campaign by wireless is also ceasing to be effective; especially is this the case in the Tyrol, where Munich, whence these particular talks are given, is chiefly known as the capital of Bavaria, against whose domination Andreas Hofer fought. The fall in unemployment is another source of strength to the present Austrian Government, for every man who goes back to work is one Nazi the less. The agitation in favour of the *Anschluss* is very largely financed by the German industrialists, who hope to find a closed market in Austria, and Austrians say that the British frozen credits in Germany are being used for this propaganda.

The Position of Dr. Dollfuss

DR. DOLLFUSS has done more for Austria in a few months than his predecessors had effected in fifteen years. He has revised the educational system, and has put an end to subversive teaching in the schools. He has cut much of the ground from under the feet of his Nazi opponents by reviving old traditions (it is the drabness of republicanism that is one of the chief causes of its decline), and such measures as the restoration of the pre-war uniforms have contributed powerfully to the growth of a national sentiment. For the first time since the war one feels that there may really be a future for Austria, and Vienna is beginning to hold up her head.

At the same time matters cannot be allowed to remain where they are, and if the present advantageous position is to be consolidated it can only be as a result of the restoration of the monarchy. Events are clearly moving in that direction, and the Archduke Otto's emphatic denial of the statement attributed to him that he rejected Facism and hankered after the Alto Adige has immeasurably improved the monarchist prospects. There is also now reason to suppose that there would be no serious opposition on the part of Czecho-Slovakia to a restoration, provided it were in Austria alone. The lead must be taken by the Powers. They are responsible for the present state of Austria, and they must apply the remedy. The test of European statesmanship will be the rapidity with which the Archduke Otto is restored to the throne of his ancestors. Without the monarchy there can be no national consciousness worth the name, and if this is lacking Austria cannot live much longer.

The Danubian States

THE economic future of Austria depends to no small extent upon that of the other Succession States, and the necessity for re-creating in some form that large economic unit which was the Dual Monarchy is becoming more pressing than ever. Economic nationalism is

inevitable, but the areas concerned must be sufficiently large to be self-supporting. In Hungary, for example, the native ox is taking the place of the British tractor, and is being fed upon the wheat for which it is impossible to find a market. International trade is at a standstill, and the whole standard of living will continue to decline so long as the present state of affairs continues.

The responsibility rests very largely with Mr. Walter Runciman and the Board of Trade, who still look for a return to the conditions of last century. They flatly refuse to surrender the Most Favoured Nation Treaties which we have concluded with the various Succession States, and which prevent the latter from forming an effective economic union. Before Great Britain adopted Protection there was much to be said for agreements of this nature, but now there is nothing. Our credits in these countries are frozen in spite of them, and will not be unthawed until prosperity returns, which cannot be until the larger economic unit has been created. It seems hard that the Succession States should be condemned to decay, and the British investor and business-man be unable to get their money, simply because the Free Trade element in the Cabinet still hopes for a return to the doctrines of Cobden.

The Prestige of Italy

MUCH as Great Britain and, to a lesser extent, France can do to help Austria and Hungary the final word rests with Rome, for the prestige of Italy is far greater there to-day than that of any other Power. The reason for this is that Signor Mussolini has pursued a firm and consistent policy, while we and the French have not. No one in Vienna and Budapest has any doubt where Italy stands; no one in those two capitals has the faintest idea where Great Britain stands. As individuals we British are popular in all circles, but no one can travel in Europe to-day without being conscious of the wide-spread opinion that as a nation our position is far from being what it was.

Italy, on the other hand, is regarded as the Power of the future, and her influence, both in politics and commerce, is everywhere apparent. The old Austrian suspicion has vanished, and it is generally realized that the two countries must work together if the independence of Austria is to be preserved. Dr. Dollfuss is a recent and enthusiastic convert to the principle of the Corporate State, and the more he does to remodel Austria along those lines, the more dependent he will be upon Rome for guidance. Furthermore, the suggestion of a Habsburg restoration finds considerable favour in Fascist circles as the most effective method of preventing the *Anschluss*, though Signor Mussolini has not yet expressed an opinion.

The Italian Scene

ITALY is weathering the economic blizzard relatively well, and in Rome at any rate there is a greater evidence of prosperity than was the case even twelve months ago. To a large extent this is due to the wise policy of the Government in encouraging money to circulate, and that outward appearances are not deceptive would seem to be proved by the fact that there has been an enormous increase in the deposits in the savings banks. The cost of living in Rome is also lower than in London or Paris. What is certain is that if and when prosperity once more comes to the world Italy will be fully equipped to take advantage of any opportunities that may offer.

The main topic of interest is not foreign politics but the new developments in the Corporate State, which were foreshadowed by Mr. Hugh Molson in the last number of the ENGLISH REVIEW. At the recent meeting of the National Council of Corporations, over which Signor Mussolini presided, there was a remarkably frank discussion, which the chairman made no effort to circumscribe. Expert opinion is, in the main, still strongly opposed to the reconstitution of the Chamber upon a corporate basis, but the foreign observer finds it difficult

to see how this can be avoided. The Chamber in its present form, elected by a plebiscite, is an anachronism, and is a mere compromise between the old Parliamentary and the new Corporate systems.

British Policy

MEANWHILE, the Government of our Country as at present constituted is unable to pursue a consistent policy abroad, or to defend itself against attack at home. Sir John Simon cannot be removed without a Cabinet reshuffle, for fear that the balance of parties in the Ministry should be upset. Yet it is impossible to find a single person on the Continent, entitled to express an opinion, who has a good word to say for his conduct of British policy. To declare, as the official spokesmen of the Government are continually doing, that the prestige of Great Britain in Europe never stood higher is a lie; it has rarely been so low, and it will not revive so long as Sir John Simon is at the Foreign Office.

Nor, with the present composition of the Cabinet, can the Socialist charge that the Government is involving the country in European quarrels be adequately met. The answer is that the Geneva Protocol of 1924, concluded by a Socialist ministry, went far farther in this direction than any action taken by the National Government, and would have rendered British participation in any future European conflict inevitable. Yet this argument cannot be used because Mr. MacDonald was also Prime Minister at that time, and the flowing Socialist tide at the by-elections is the consequence.

The Problem of Malta

THE Maltese cauldron has once more boiled over, and the Constitution has been suspended. Of course the real cause of the trouble is the Act of 1921, which endowed an island with a population equal to that of Leicester with a Senate and a Legislative Assembly, and

consequently made politics the Maltese national pastime. Every conceivable kind of blunder has been committed with regard to Malta during the past few years, and it is no exaggeration to say that there is not a single party to the present dispute which has anything approaching clean hands. Such being the case, some give and take is inevitable if a serious crisis is to be avoided, and the immediate problem is to decide what form this compromise shall take.

The language question is the great difficulty, and the occasion of the present unhappy dispute. Whether we like it or not we are responsible for the Maltese, and must see to it that they are educated adequately and properly. In view of the extraordinary linguistic ability of the Levantine, there would not appear to be any valid reason why the Maltese child in the primary school should not be taught both English and Italian, while receiving the rest of his instruction in his native Maltese. If this be rejected, then let English be taught in the lowest, and English and Italian in the two highest, forms in the primary schools, and both languages in all forms in the secondary schools. Technical education, at present non-existent, must also be made available without delay. What is important is that the existing difficulties should not be allowed to increase until grave international issues have arisen.

Some New Books

SIGNOR SILLANI and the *Rassegna Italiana* are to be warmly congratulated upon the two volumes dealing with Italian colonial history which have recently made their appearance, *La Libia in venti anni di occupazione italiana* and *L'Africa orientale italiana* (25 lire each volume). Both books are well illustrated and richly documented, so that they constitute a notable addition to modern colonial literature. Those of our own administrators who can read Italian would do well to

consult them, for the study of comparative methods of governing native populations has by no means yet received the attention it deserves, and the story which Signor Sillani has to tell reflects the highest credit upon the foresight and enterprise of Facist Italy.

La Guerre revient by Henri Pozzi (Editions Paul Berger, 15 frs.) is a detailed account of the situation existing in Jugo-Slavia, which the author maintains must inevitably precipitate war in the near future. The position as M. Pozzi portrays it is certainly gloomy enough, though the remarkable frankness of the Serbian authorities in describing their methods of debauching the Macedonian women at times causes the reader to wonder if M. Pozzi has not occasionally had his leg pulled. Nevertheless, his book does provide very serious food for thought, and it is sufficiently disquieting to prove the enormous importance of the attempts which are now being made to establish better relations between Sofia and Belgrade.

The British Unemployed at Rome

By William Teeling

ALMOST exactly a year after the hunger march of British unemployed, led by Communists, converged on London to complain of their lot, another group of British unemployed, led by Roman Catholic priests, reached London on September 23 from all over England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, and proceeded to Rome on a pilgrimage of prayer, to visit the Pope, and rather than to complain at their lot, to pray that they might be given strength to bear that lot, knowing that their sufferings must one day lead to a greater good for themselves and probably for the working men of Great Britain as a whole.

They formed a remarkable group of men, over four hundred in number, and their feelings, representative of the best types of unemployed in the country, must be of value and interest to-day in any study of thought and conditions amongst our unemployed.

The preliminary choice was made by parish priests throughout the country, who certified that in spite of all unemployment troubles, each man they recommended had continued to practise his religion and that he was a man of sufficient intelligence to be able to appreciate the value of such an experience. This still left the committee with eighteen hundred names from which to choose at most four hundred and twenty pilgrims. Other considerations that finally decided the choice included what active part a man had taken in church organizations, such as being a speaker for the Catholic Evidence Guild, or how far he had been active in the public life of his district. Next, every effort was made to include representatives from as many trades as possible, so that in the end there were not only miners, engineers, shipyard workers, ordinary labourers, farm hands, cotton spinners, and boilermakers, but also chauffeurs, actors, musicians, school teachers, fishermen, billiard markers, prize fighters, commercial travellers, male nurses and

ex-service men. Another consideration was that too many men should not come from any one district, so that not only were the Clydeside, and Durham and Newcastle, Yorkshire, Lancashire, South Wales, Birmingham and London well represented, but we also had men from Cork and Killarney, from Belfast, Dublin, the Hebrides, the Isle of Man, Dundee, Aberdeen, Bournemouth, Torquay, Bristol, Shrewsbury, Ruabon, Liverpool, Manchester, the Potteries, and the Whitehaven collieries.

Lastly, Catholic institutes and those occupational centres in which there were some practising Catholics were also included. This meant that the deaf and dumb institutes, which until recently have usually been able to find specialized work for their inmates, sent their quota, as also the Catholic Land Association, whose active work for sending back to the land suitable young men, has been functioning successfully in Buckinghamshire and Leicester since 1932. From here came an ex-chemist's assistant, an ex-cook, and an ex-farm labourer from Red Deer, Alberta, as representatives. Such hard-working occupational centres, backed by Harkness Pilgrims' Trust funds as Spennymoor Settlement, also sent a man, the Tyneside Social Service Bureau through its branch at Hebburn, the Catholic Workers' College at Oxford, and the Quaker settlements in South Wales, they all sent one or two Catholic workers.

To these men, who had just been marvelling at the scenery of Italy, and had been thrilled by the relics of pagan Rome, Imperial Rome and Papal Rome, the Pope's speech of over three-quarters of an hour came as a most impressive finale, and it gave them a message they have taken back to their different parts of Great Britain and Ireland to spread not to-day and to-morrow, but for many years to come, amongst their children and their friends.

The Pope laid stress on the dignity of real labour, and he pointed out that no men can ever be really unemployed when, if they are good churchmen, they still have their

Church to work for by prayer and by action. He felt that all working men who to-day are suffering, are doing so for a purpose of the Divine Providence; what that purpose is, is as yet uncertain, but he pointed to the magnificent basilicas they had just seen, and he reminded them that these had only become possible through the preliminary sufferings of the early Christians in the catacombs. He reminded them that while they were unemployed they still belong to the ranks of labour, a fact that those who would segregate the unemployed are sometimes apt to forget—and he told them of the proverb that " You do not appreciate the value of your treasure until you lose it."

These were all words and thoughts calculated to sink deep into the minds of these men, and as we travelled to Rome and back, talking to each other in the different third-class railway carriages, we discussed conditions at home and how what we were seeing and what we were hearing might be adapted in Great Britain.

There was an interesting group from Ireland, and both those from the north and those from the Free State seemed to me to be imbued with an inherent conservatism —not always understood in England. One could not pretend that they were fond of England, yet not once on the journey did racial animosity enter into the pilgrimage for one moment.

That did not prevent those who were watching from noticing that a good few of the Irishmen on reaching London felt a little nervous about their reception. It was only natural; one man had previously never left the Lakes of Killarney, where he was a boatman, and another man from the west had never seen electric light, and asked help in Rome to blow it out for his lungs were not powerful enough. They had vaguely heard the English were not fond of them, and so they were uneasy on reaching London—but when they got back they had many English friends and every one was happy and at ease. These men, apt to look askance at England, have

nothing else left to draw out their conservatism and their love of tradition but the Catholic Church, and above all its head on earth, the Pope. Therefore their enthusiasm and their excitement at seeing the Pope was a tremendous thing to see. All that they liked, all that they wanted, was there, and no one having seen them could feel afraid that Communism is likely to conquer in Ireland and be a danger at our back door.

Mixed up largely with them was a section of the Catholics from Scotland, mainly from Glasgow. These latter showed a great sympathy for the Irish, but as an onlooker I would never have got the impression that they would be anything else in the long run but loyal Scots. They spoke to me of conditions around Glasgow as being as far as they could see as bad as ever. One got the impression with them, as with the others, that the Press has made them all feel things are getting better. You go into their carriages and they all agree with you there is no doubt things are improving. But then talk to them for a little longer, get more of their confidence—and you find it is their spirit, their keenness to believe that things are getting better that makes them speak so. They will rather ruefully admit that in their area perhaps as many as 60 or 70 or even 90 per cent. of the working men are unemployed—in the mining villages on the Clydeside—and they will add: "They say things are getting better, but round us the Labour Exchanges are just as full." And this winter we must remember that it will take several winters to make a really impressionable inroad on those waiting lines outside the Exchanges, each member of which becomes daily more depressed as he looks at his fellow sufferers. As a whole the Clydesiders were a particularly hearty and cheerful group—some came from slums, but as many came from better districts; there were many fathers of large families—they had a very level-headed outlook on conditions at home. There was amongst them a certain feeling about the non-building of the Cunarder, perhaps due to the presence

amongst them of one man who had been employed on that ship.

From Newcastle and Durham came many miners, but almost as many representatives of other trades as well. I found more than one active Nationalist from the Middlesbrough and Cleveland area, and by Nationalist should be meant a man asking for something more active to be done to suppress the rot that unemployment is producing amongst the young men, and that that something be drastic, and not merely a voluntary palliative.

In this group we often discussed the advantages of occupational centres. One found the traditional view amongst some of unwillingness to mix with others in their free time who were not Catholics—but the majority criticized the occupational centres because Bolshevism and some form of Communism is beginning to find its way into such centres. The more active members of these Durham and Northumberland centres did not deny this; but they said, rightly, that if that were the case it is up to the better class unemployed to come in and stop that tendency. To this again often came the reply that to attend groups of totally unemployed was for the better type of man far too depressing—so that the ultimate conclusion was that centres are essential, that the risk of the Bolshevik element controlling them must be fought and that the only way to get the better type in is to have them open for those in work as well as those unemployed.

Here they pointed out the difficulty, especially those from towns in the South of England—that old ladies and many others have been induced to subscribe to these centres out of temporary pity for the temporary unemployed, and they will not permit their funds to be expended on men who have found employment. This brought us all to agreement that the question of the permanency of much British unemployment is not properly grasped nationally and that no groups of people, politicians or otherwise, of any sufficiently great weight

in the country, are tackling this problem and explaining to these charitable well-wishers where most they can help.

The Liverpool, Manchester, and Lancashire group seemed to me to be surprisingly little interested in questions concerning Japan, the trade with India, and other countries that affect them so vitally. All they knew was they had been unemployed a long time, and something more they felt might be done for them. Money was not so much what they wanted as something active for their hands to do—and yet they were rather suspicious of the occupational centres. Here it was not so much because Bolshevism might be creeping in—rather was it that they could not understand exactly what was the Pilgrims' Trust, who were the people behind the movement, and, in fact, they were suspicious that it was too good not to have behind it some object which they were unable to understand or approve.

One left the carriages from the north feeling that nothing can ever be done with these men unless one has their confidence, and that it is not easy to gain a northerner's confidence in a day—but once it has been gained, then will you have loyal and very wonderful support.

About the Birmingham group there was no doubt whatever that they felt an improvement in their area. The diversity of the trades they had each worked in was proof that this hive of small industries is benefiting from the multiplicity of its interests—and then one passed along to the Welsh, where unemployment has been longest, and there one saw more than one face that must have suffered from hunger.

I was surprised to find that the representatives from the towns in the south of England all agreed that things there were very bad. One could only put this down to the pinch having been only recently felt, and that they were not yet accustomed to the suffering to which men from the north have become accustomed for years.

As a representative of Westminster myself, I stopped in the hostel in Rome with the men from Westminster

and from Southwark. They, almost all, represented white-collar jobs. Some saw no definite future, others who had once had borough jobs and later had left them to better themselves and now were again out of work, were keen to go back to the borough jobs, which it seems is not too difficult to do. Their reasons were certainty of pay, and certainty of pension. No doubt it is inevitable people should gravitate towards bureaucratic jobs in times of distress, and there is always the tendency to increase these jobs to satisfy voters—but it is in a way disturbing, for it shows a distinct weakening of the spirit of adventure.

Several men were starting soon again in commercial traveller jobs. Of what that is a real sign it is difficult to say. It does not necessarily mean increasing trade, and the men are only paid on results, bar a small retaining fee, but it may mean optimism due to a Press campaign, or it may mean a real feeling amongst the manufacturers that there is greater keenness to buy and more money to spend.

Dotted amongst all these men were those mixed up with constructive groups for helping unemployment. Especially noticeable were those from the Catholic Land Association, and their tendency was to wonder why a far greater push is not made throughout the country to start not hundreds but thousands more schemes that are not too expensive and that can be proved as successful as their own. Almost every one agreed with them rather ruefully, for no one can see a much-needed leader. Yet amongst all those groups representing at least six differently minded areas of Great Britain and Ireland, there were certain underlying thoughts and convictions, and the reactions of almost all, to what they saw, were roughly the same.

No question of revolution or Communism even entered the men's heads. There was a moment before one left London when Fr. Martindale, from the pulpit in Farm Street Church, told the men there were those

abroad who might think because we were a group of unemployed that we were revolutionaries. The idea seemed so funny to all the men that they spontaneously laughed, there in church, a not very usual occurrence. But they all told me time and time again—and from different parts of England—that they were convinced unemployment must be treated as outside politics, and that the whole nation must join together to face its misery and the rot that it is engendering. They felt the nation must have courage and save the children by disciplining them more, and not only the children, but our young men.

They do not want Fascism—they want freedom of thought and speech as well as the maintenance of the British Constitution, but they pointed out rightly that the Constitution cannot be maintained by voters who know nothing of self-discipline, of sacrifice, or of the dignity of work. In order to be good voters they feel the young must first do State work if there is no other work for them. Someone suggested we should not put men, who are out of work, to learn new trades in which they may never be employed, but rather give them practice in their former trades in case there be a revival and they may be ready and in practice again. They told me of a skilled workman who, getting a job the other day, did over one hundred pounds worth of damage in the first hour because he was out of training.

I would say that the impressions they gathered on the journey were that we must buck ourselves up in England lest we find ourselves in a position to need all the strict remedies of Italy with its large number of regulations and officials, which their British instinct rather resented. They were immensely impressed with the country and with much that was being done—yet they preferred their own country. They would like to improve the use of the land—which they felt was marvellously cultivated in Italy—they felt our youth must be treated more strictly, the older ones were especially keen on this, lest they need

later stricter discipline, and they felt we must hold on to our traditions and build on the past and not pull down.

As for the impression they left on me—it was that the older ones were as sound as a rock—the younger men perhaps a little less so, and that this is due to our *laissez faire* attitude at home.

I remembered how I had advocated to a member of the Government after a tramp through the unemployed areas of the north in January that we do something drastic with camps or something similar, and he replied: "The Cabinet is not yet ripe for it and the House of Commons certainly is not." Talking to those four hundred men I felt even more reassured that the retort should be: "But the country is more than ripe and Members of Parliament should keep more in touch with their working-class voters—who belong to no party any more, when it comes to dealing with the unemployed, and not only in touch with their local associations, steeped in politics and the party game."

Arnold Lunn
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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by HERBERT AGAR

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Literary Notes

A Warning to Conservatives

IT is of the highest importance, in the world of to-day, that Conservatism should not become identified with the defence of things as they are. And it is easy for such identification to take place, in a society with an active revolutionary element. The Conservative opposes revolution; and, unless he makes a steady effort to keep his positive plans before the public, he may appear to have little to offer except a disapproval of other men's projects combined with a fatuous hope that if nothing much is done nothing much will happen. Not infrequently, this appearance is justified, as may be seen in recent American history. "Conservative," in the United States, has become a term of abuse; for the "conservatives," in that country, have been content since the

Civil War to support the obliquity and greed of Big Business, meanwhile repeating the obvious falsehood that America was the home of true equality and true democracy. As a result, now that there comes "the sick hour that their surfeit made," American conservatives find themselves quite justly disrespected. It is only the Left that gets credit for having pointed out that the United States was drifting to a sorry smash. It is only the Left that has an alternative plan to offer, should the present last stand of liberalism fail. And the United States is not the only country in which conservatism is in danger of being associated with inaction and a vacant state of pride.

"Christianity and Class War," by Nicholas Berdyaev (Sheed and Ward, 3s. 6d.), calls attention to a similar danger to the whole Western world: the danger that Christianity may be identified with the defence of a hateful regime. "Thanks to the rationalization of industry," writes M. Berdyaev, "and to the dizzying increase of commodities and economic wealth, this regime produces unemployment and throws millions of men (intellectual as well as manual workers) on the streets, sentencing them to misery and hunger; and it has got to go. A regime which allows of revolting indigence in spite of a general increase of wealth, which is obliged in the name of economic interest to destroy 'superfluous' goods although there are people in need of them, which breeds abominable wars, which is possessed by a greed for riches which has become transformed into a disinterested passion, which empties the life even of the directing classes of meaning by making it an accessory of the economic game, such a regime is completely mad and stands condemned by conscience and by reason."

It is M. Berdyaev's plea that the Christian Church should recognize the iniquity of modern finance-capitalism as clearly as the Left Wing recognizes it, and should openly work to cure this evil in accordance with Christian principles. Only such a course of action, he suggests,

will provide a real alternative to the Marxian materialist state. "Materialistic Communism and Capitalism," he writes, "are equally liable to condemnation at the bar of the absolute values of Christianity, for they have a common principle. Marxian socialism sets class above personality and regards man solely as a function of society, nor do the bourgeois and capitalist ideologies see him differently; we find the same domination by an impersonal 'collective' in both Capitalism and Communism. One such collective simply prepares the ground for the other—which is just what Marx told us. Christianity has to approach the social question with its own proper canons of value . . . The bourgeois mentality and consciousness, due like those of the proletariat to the loss of Christianity and decay of spirituality, are inconsistent with Christianity, whatever those pseudo-Christians who have adapted themselves to bourgeois requirements may say. The period of the first money-cult in England must horrify any man with a shred of Christian conscience. But neither shall we find a new man in the proletarian who wants to be lord of the earth; when he is thoroughly examined and his halo pulled off he is found to be the same old bourgeois nicely got up in a new dress; it is the old Adam become his own slave."

The moral of this brief book is that the Christian Church must not allow its distaste for Marxism to lead it into even the semblance of a taste for the regime of to-day. M. Berdyaev is not asking the Church to lead a political movement; he is asking it to condemn existing evils "primarily on moral and spiritual grounds and not in the name of some social system." And he adds, "Social conflict is inevitable, and will come about whatever else happens. It is not the business of Christianity to settle the technique and methods of this conflict, but to form the spiritual and moral atmosphere of the souls who are engaged in it and to fight against that sinfulness which breeds a devilish rancour."

The United States

A NUMBER of recent books throw light on the many-sided problem of the United States. The most important of these are two books by Mr. James Truslow Adams: "A History of the American People from Civil War to World Power" (Routledge, 18s.), and "Henry Adams" (Routledge, 10s. 6d.). The latter is a biography of one of the most interesting men America has produced. Henry Adams's grandfather and great-grandfather were Presidents of the United States; his father was Minister to England during the American Civil War; he himself was probably America's leading historian, and quite certainly one of her few first-class men of letters. His greatest historical work was the nine-volume "History of the United States during the Administrations of Jefferson and Madison." This is too specialized a book for the general reader in England. But the "Education of Henry Adams," and the "Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres," deserve a wider public than they have ever found on this side of the Atlantic. The "Education" is an intellectual and spiritual autobiography, with the minimum of physical detail but the maximum of mordant comment on the modern world as it came into being during the last half of the nineteenth century.

Henry Adams served in London as his father's private secretary during the War between the States, and his picture of life and politics during the last years of Palmerston is both diverting and of real interest. One reason why his "Education" has been neglected in England is that it presupposes a considerable knowledge of American politics, and of Adams's own career. (It was not written for publication, but merely to clarify the author's mind on some problems of modern history. It was published after his death.) These two volumes by Mr. James Truslow Adams (a distinguished American historian, unrelated to Henry) will remove that difficulty. "The History of the American People," which covers just about

the period of Henry Adams's active life, is an example of modern American history at its best. Mr. Adams has no illusions about his country; yet he has the strength to face her sorry recent story without cynicism and without despair. He can even end on a note of mild hope, which he has come by honestly, for he knows and admits the worst.

Well worth reading for their own sakes, these two books by Mr. J. T. Adams will be of special value to an Englishman if they lure him into reading Henry Adams as well.

The America of the present moment is amusingly displayed in "Roosevelt and his America," by Bernard Fay, translated by Winifred Ray (Routledge, 10s. 6d.). M. Fay is a French historian who has written some good books on early American history, who knows the United States well, and who has just that combination of friendliness and malice which leads to discerning comment. His present book is not very serious, or deeply thought; but it is witty, and informative on a journalistic level. It gives a picture of the horror of American life and thought in the days of "Coolidge prosperity"; it gives a favourable and hopeful picture of Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt; it is a little too ready to believe there has been a revolution in the national character as a result of the sorrows of the past few years.

The lurid melodrama in modern American life is well pictured in "An Englishman among Gangsters," by L. W. Holmes (Jenkins, 10s. 6d.). Mr. Holmes served as reporter, as police officer, and as private detective in the United States. He knows what he is writing about, and his picture of the American crime problem is terrifying. Even more depressing is his explanation of how such conditions have come to pass, for he makes it clear that revolution in state and municipal politics (or else a nation-wide proclamation of martial law) is a pre-requisite to effective handling of this problem. No such revolution seems probable.

Mr. Holmes writes in a sensational, repetitious style. But he knows his subject, and the stories that he tells are all too absorbing.

James Joyce

MR. LOUIS GOLDING has written an interesting monograph on James Joyce in the series edited by Mr. Thomas Moult (Modern Writers and Playwrights; Thornton Butterworth, 4s. 6d.). He shows clearly the mixed repulsion and fascination which Dublin and Catholicism, the two shaping influences of Joyce's early years, have continued to exercise on him throughout his life. He is less satisfactory in dealing with Joyce's thraldom to worlds. Joyce has reversed the Bible's "The Word was made flesh." He has escaped in his latest work into a delirium of words from what is to him the more oppressive nightmare of the real world. Mr. Golding is a little uncertain in dealing with this collapse, but as a whole his book provides an excellent introduction to Joyce.

Yes or No.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF G. K. CHESTERTON. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)
A DRAFT OF XXX CANTOS. By EZRA POUND. (Faber. 7s. 6d. net.)

HERE are two poets as far apart as the Unfallen and the Fallen Angels. Mr. Chesterton stands for the eternal "Yes" and Mr. Pound, in so far as he consents to adopt a standing posture, for the everlasting "No." Mr. Chesterton profoundly, wildly, and at times even foolishly, believes. Mr. Pound is a victim of universal disbelief in everything except his own limited preference for annihilation. Mr. Chesterton's motive is a love as inextinguishable as Noah's thirst in the poem devoted to that topic, while Mr. Pound is inspired by a hatred as fine and as thin as that of the dwarves who stole in and

out of King Philip's closet. There is no truck and no truce between these two points of view. One or the other must prevail. Though the Courts of poetry are as wide as the Courts of heaven, there is not room for both. Which shall we choose?

Let us admit that by the technical tests of verse we must choose Mr. Pound. He has explored and absorbed every mode and manner, followed and renounced half-a-dozen allegiances, and in no mode and under no allegiance has he ever been negligent or negligible. In his sonnet days he wrote sonnets in the manner of Elizabeth, in his ballad days ballads in the Border fashion, in his Chinese period he was the best Imagist of them all, and in his modernist phase he teaches his rivals that a virtuoso, even if he plays on a tin can, will, in his own despite, do something with it. So that in this last book, "A Draft of XXX Cantos," even if it is difficult to grasp his meaning at any given point, or to understand the general drift, one cannot deny or reject in the mind the meticulous erudition, the strange disorderly flashes and the wistful glances back over the shoulder to the deserted harbourage. Take, for example, one of the flashes,

> " 'Whether in Naishapur or Babylon'
> I heard in dream
> Plotinus gone,
> And the shield tied under me woke";

and here for the backward glance to Imagism:

> "Phoibos of narrow thighs,
> The cut cool of the air,
> Blossom cut on the wind, by Helios
> Lord of the Light's edge."

But as against these pages and pages of hatred ring in a shrill unbalanced scream, words with their necks twisted, thoughts with their heads broken and dreams,

> "a stench, stuck in the nostrils."

It is difficult, if not impossible, to know what the superficial intention of the poem is. It is impossible not to recognize hatred, fear and despair as the dominants.

If these emotions can so disturb one singularly gifted, dare we believe that they are poetry's gift to the age? Or shall we not rather turn to Mr. Chesterton, by no means as well equipped a poet and a stranger to many of the coloured magics in which Mr. Pound so freely dabbles. We shall not let ourselves fall into the error of supposing that great art is or can be the result of the expression of a point of view merely because we approve it. But we are entitled to ask whether great art of any kind can result from denial and refusal. To affirm and accept are not enough in themselves, but without them beauty is of the order of the flowers of evil. Mr. Chesterton affirms and accepts, but he does more. He affirms in his own private dogma and he accepts his own newly created world. The dogma is not always that of the seer nor the world that of the poet. But on a few brief occasions, as in "Lepanto," the seer and the poet are joined in one and toss the words up in a fountain of fire.

It is not claimed that Mr. Chesterton is a great poet because he wrote,

> "But we were young, we loved to see God break their bitter charms,
> God and the good Republic come riding back in arms:
> We have seen the city of Mansoul, even as it rocked, relieved—
> Blessed are they who did not see, but being blind believed."

But it is suggested that if, writing in that faith, Mr. Chesterton can on occasion overtake his vision then he is a poet, one who can persuade and change the heart of man. Men look for the affirmative. It should not be an easy one, or it is worse than honourable denial. But in the long run "yes" must prevail over "no," though "no" has all Circe's charm and the voice of Sirens. It is for that reason we believe that a hundred years hence, when Mr. Pound has become a subject of interested speculation for scholars, Mr. Chesterton will be read and known by the common man and the common woman, for whom in the end all poetry is written. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*

HUMBERT WOLFE.

Goethe, Wordsworth and Mr. Eliot

THE USE OF POETRY AND THE USE OF CRITICISM. By T. S. ELIOT. (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.)

THIS book, which consists of the lectures Mr. Eliot has recently delivered at Harvard University, raises too many questions of the highest interest to be reviewed as a whole in a short article. This article will therefore be confined to a consideration of some incidental remarks of Mr. Eliot's on Goethe and Wordsworth which betray that he has imperfectly understood the work of both those poets.

In his introduction to the Letters of D. H. Lawrence, Mr. Aldous Huxley writes: "How bitterly he (Lawrence) loathed the Wilhelm-Meisterish view of love as an education, as a means to culture, a Sandow-exerciser for the soul!" Mr. Eliot quotes this sentence, and adds: "Lawrence in my opinion was right; but that view runs through the work of Goethe, and if you dislike it, what are you going to do about Goethe?"

Mr. Eliot's answer to this question is rambling and inconclusive, but eventually, after affirming that it is right for a poet to borrow someone else's philosophy but wrong for him to formulate a view of the universe out of his own intuitions of reality, Mr. Eliot returns to Goethe, and dismisses him as a man who "dabbled in both philosophy and poetry and made no great success of either; his true rôle was that of the man of the world and sage—a La Rochefoucauld, a La Bruyère, a Vauvenargues."

The "Wilhelm-Meisterish view of love" is open to the objection which Lawrence brings against it, though he ought to have excluded Wilhelm's love for Marianne from his overpitched and hysterical condemnation; but this view of love is confined to the men in Goethe's plays and novels, and to a number of lyrics in which Goethe is speaking in his own person. On one side of his nature

Goethe was timid and pedantic, and obsessed with the necessity to adjust his life correctly to the demands of the social order, as it existed in Strassburg, Weimar and the other depressing places where love invited and terrified him simultaneously. Except in his early and very late poems, before the social system had paralyzed him and when its paralysis was beginning to disintegrate, Goethe is hardly ever unconstrained in expressing a man's love for a woman. In his most passionate poem to Charlotte von Stein, written in his maturity, he transfers himself and Charlotte to a previous existence before declaring his love; and safeguards himself still further by suggesting that in this previous existence she may have been either his wife or his sister. Clearly there was not much of a *casus belli* here for Charlotte's husband, even if he had been as bellicose as he seems to have been pacific.

What Goethe was too much hampered by social considerations to express directly, he expressed through the women of his plays and novels with an intensity and range of feeling unsurpassed in modern literature. The songs of Gretchen, Clärchen and Mignon give all the emotions of love, and Mignon's last song rises above human love into that region which Mr. Eliot would like to see reserved exclusively for theologians. Mr. Eliot tells us that he almost never feels quite happy when he disagrees with the critical opinions of Mr. Herbert Read and Mr. I. A. Richards. It is a pity that he should feel unhappy when he disagrees with Mr. Read and Mr. Richards, but perfectly happy when he misrepresents and disparages Goethe.

Though he is far more cordial to Wordsworth than to Goethe, Mr. Eliot's anxiety to agree with Monsieur Maritain's view that "it is a deadly error to expect poetry to provide the super-substantial nourishment of man" makes him try, unobtrusively, to clip Wordsworth's wings. The fact that Wordsworth advocated what is nowadays called distributism suggests to

Mr. Eliot that Wordsworth's poetry should, perhaps, be interpreted in the light of his politics. It will be time enough to attempt this interpretation when the modern distributists give us poems as good as *The Fountain* and *The Affliction of Margaret*. That Mr. Eliot has not gone very deeply into Wordsworth's genius appears from his assumption that Wordsworth did not feel the horror in nature. This is the Victorian view of Wordsworth as a mild pastoral poet, a view which our present knowledge of Wordsworth's experiences in Revolutionary France ought to discredit even for those who cannot perceive its inadequacy when they read Wordsworth himself.

The tranquillity in Wordsworth's greatest work is not the calm of insensibility but a goal reached after a journey full of terror. Much of the poetry which Wordsworth wrote in the years immediately after his return from France is full of what he calls " the unshaped half-human thoughts which solitary Nature feeds." It not only deals with idiots and mad women, but is itself uncertainly poised on the edge of sanity. *The Idiot Boy* might easily be mistaken for an autobiographical fragment written in the third person; and the opening stanzas of *Peter Bell* are like the babblings of someone unhinged by a great shock.

Two stanzas from *Peter Bell* will illustrate the horror which Wordsworth felt and the release from the horror.

> All, all is silent—rocks and woods,
> All still and silent—far and near!
> Only the Ass with motion dull,
> Upon the pivot of his skull
> Turns round his left long ear.

And later—

> He scans the Ass from limb to limb,
> And ventures now to uplift his eyes:
> More steady looks the moon, and clear,
> More like themselves the rocks appear
> And touch more quiet skies.

That Wordsworth makes greater poetry out of his release from horror than out of the horror itself is obvious,

but the inference from this is not that his terrors were faint, but that he desired to suppress his consciousness of them.

HUGH KINGSMILL.

Miracle Manqué

MIRACLE ON SINAI: A SATIRICAL NOVEL. By OSBERT SITWELL. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.)

SATIRE, despite its indirect method, is a very positive form of art. It must express, even though it need not state, a point of view which is self-explanatory and implicit in the whole structure. Lacking this point of view, satire becomes irony; it ceases to be an oblique attack on contemporary morals and manners, and becomes an expression of one individual's contempt for certain other kinds of individuals. "Miracle on Sinai," after arousing in the reader an expectation of excellent satire, suddenly reveals, at the climax, the fact that it lacks this integrating point of view and with this revelation the story falls to pieces.

The scene of the novel is Mount Sinai, and the luxurious Aaron Palace Hotel lying in the desert at the foot of the mountain. The Aaron Palace is a pleasure dome decreed by Lord Pridian, the famous newspaper multi-millionaire, and the characters are some two dozen people — recognizable types representing practically every phase of our social scene—who are staying at the hotel. The climax of the story, for which the first two-thirds of it are a preparation, is the picnic which Lord Pridian gives for the whole party on the summit of the Mount of Moses. Lord Pridian's motive in giving the picnic is to show what he means when he says he believes every word of the Old Testament, by letting this largely irreligious group feel for themselves the atmosphere of sanctity which still haunts the place where God spoke to Moses and gave him the Ten Commandments. His faith is more than amply rewarded, for after the incongruous group has gathered on the summit of the mountain,

a second miracle takes place, and Jehovah speaks out of a cloud, disappears in a storm, and leaves behind, as an earnest of His presence, two graven tablets of stone. The witnesses of the miracle all examine the stones before hurrying back to the hotel, and from this point on the story loses its distinction as satire and throws away its opportunities as a novel.

For obvious reasons no author could forge a new set of commandments, and Mr. Sitwell, having described a most convincing miracle, had to find some way of keeping the miracle real and at the same time keeping the message of the stones a secret from his readers. He solves this problem by having the stones crumble to powder before they can be fetched away—their destruction aided, if not encompassed, by the hammer of a palæontologist.

It is here that Mr. Sitwell throws away his characters and his excellently-constructed situation, and descends to farce. Each of the two dozen or more witnesses had honestly read the new commandments differently. Further, all but two of them had read whatever he wanted to see, thus reassuring himself in his own chosen way of life. This is a disappointing solution, for it not only sweeps away the reader's hope that the miracle will be used for upholding some objective value, against which the false values of the witnesses can be pitted, but it is in itself trivial and unconvincing. The artistic force of the reality of the miracle is destroyed by the inanities that follow. When Lord Pridian swears that the first commandment was *Buy British*, his whole character, until then a brilliant and satisfying creation, becomes a cheap caricature. When the Bishop swears that the first commandment was *Safety First*—he ceases to be a bitter reminder of hypocritical compromise and crumbles into nothing. The society reporter who reads *Thou shalt bear alse witness against thy neighbour*—the sportsman who reads, of the Sabbath day, *in it thou shalt play golf* . . . these become creatures as fantastic, as unrelated to humanity, as drawings in a comic strip.

The first two-thirds of the book, however, are very entertaining. In addition to building up suspense about the miracle, which Mr. Sitwell does skilfully, though in vain, his comments on the representatives of modern civilization gathered at the Aaron Palace are for the most part incisive and shrewd, and the descriptive passages are very fine, despite the fact that Mr. Sitwell's style occasionally trips over its own feet. The character of Lord Pridian is superb so long as it lasts, and to the very end of the book T. F. Enfelon, the author, and Miss Tether, the inimitably "refaned" governess, are both satirical studies and genuine creations.

It is true that the usual Reader's Agony has to be endured whenever the two American characters are supposed to open their mouths in speech, or their minds in thought, but it is presumably too much to hope that English novelists will ever forego what must be one of their most exquisite pleasures—that of manufacturing a weird dialect and putting it into the mouths of Americans.

ELEANOR CARROLL CHILTON.

Victoria and Albert

THE PRINCE CONSORT AND HIS BROTHER: TWO HUNDRED NEW LETTERS. Edited by HECTOR BOLITHO. (Cobden-Sanderson. 15s.)
QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER MINISTERS. By SIR JOHN A. R. MARRIOTT. (Murray. 9s.)

THE Prince Consort's letters to his only brother, to whom he was devoted in spite of the misdoings (here represented by dots) of that young man, are really an appendix to Mr. Bolitho's biography, for which he first read them. By themselves they have less value, and their interest mainly depends upon the interest one finds in him. After a period of undue depreciation his qualities are being realized, and Mr. Bolitho seems to err a little on the side of idolatry. Yet the letters have their interest, which it is worth while trying to define.

Only in his correspondence with his brother, it would seem, was the reserve, natural to Prince Albert, broken. He shows an intense affection for his brother, and it is no surprise to learn that he probably would never have married had not the ambitions

of his family intervened. Queen Victoria was ecstatic about him. He only wrote: "My future lot is high and brilliant, but also plentifully strewn with thorns." At first he was not master in his own house; for much longer, suspect in his new country. Undemonstrative but very kind, industrious, thoughtful, and prudent, he gradually began to impress others as he had already impressed the Queen. Secure in his rectitude, he did not resent being misunderstood, but pegged quietly away, finding life a "treadmill." His first success was the Great Exhibition, which he devised, did most to organize, and saw ended with a handsome profit, out of which the site for the future museum area was bought. Other glimpses show him tackling the problem of a permanent camp at Aldershot, of re-organizing the army, and winning the title of "Albert the Good" from the ballast-heavers whose sympathy he won by listening to their plight and improving their lot. In 1849 his keen eye saw that "the unequal division of property" was "the principal evil." His remedy was not "communism" but "facilities for the poor." His regimentation of his eldest son was due to his fear of the "Hanoverian blood," not entirely to his own slavery to duty. In the future King Edward he saw: "a strange nature, no interest for things, but all the more for persons." He wrote that "sentimentality is a plant which cannot grow in England. . . . I think the plant is smothered by reading so many newspapers (1857)."

Had he lived, his influence, and therefore recognition, would probably have grown greatly. He had judgment in affairs and in business, perseverance, and disinterestedness. These are a familiar, if never too common, combination, but in the position which came to Prince Albert they might have gained him a great name. He lacked humour, and lightness. He was over-anxious, perhaps unable to recognize (as in his eldest son) qualities less methodical than his own. He killed himself by over-strain, and probably the less heavy his responsibilities the happier he would have been. He belongs to the Marthas, but he was an admirable specimen of that type, and the letters show a willing horse allowing itself to be overdriven. He was also free from the faults of Dr. Arnold. These letters show a slave of duty with no infusion of the prig, Stockmar's precept "never relax" was an overdose for so eager a pupil.

Sir John Marriott's pleasant sketch of Queen Victoria's relations with her ten Prime Ministers only shows ten times over the same thing: that the influence of a limited monarch

under parliamentary government depends entirely on the character and ability of that monarch, though his permanence, his position, his relationship with foreign dynasties, give some considerable compensation for his very limited powers. Such a monarch is far more useful to the oligarchy, which is the core of this system, than the oligarchy is to the Throne. The heyday of the system passed with the last century. Parliament, no longer aristocratic, is now the mask of finance and big business, and should that mask crack too badly, but continuity be preserved, then the only visible substitute is some form of the Corporative State. Sir John, like his generation, seems to confuse a phase with an edifice, a façade with a monarchical building, but his sketch is a lively one and makes its points clearly.

OSBERT BURDETT.

Diplomatic Memoirs

MEMOIRS OF A DIPLOMAT. By CONSTANTIN DUMBA. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.) 12s. 6d.

THE real interest of Herr Dumba's book lies in his description of two sensational events in his career. The first was the murder of King Alexander and Queen Draga in 1903, when Dumba was himself Austro-Hungarian Minister at Belgrade; the second was his own expulsion from Washington, where he was Ambassador, in the autumn of 1915.

Austria is, by general consent, one of the most attractive countries in the world, and its people among the most delightful. But before the war, in fact before the days of Seipel and Dollfuss, there was an unwholesome strain in the higher administration, Army and Foreign Office, and Austro-Hungarian diplomacy was undoubtedly shifty. This showed itself particularly in the Austro-Russian rivalry in the Balkans that vitiated the whole course of international affairs in the early part of the century, and that reached its dangerous phase in the personal duel between Aehrenthal and Iswolsky. Dumba is frank enough to admit that the former, who was for some time his Chief, was not blameless. But the task of the Vienna Government in stemming Russian penetration in the Balkans, and particularly in Serbia, was no easy one. In the years 1903–1905, before the critical period, when Dumba was at Belgrade, Austrian policy, as far as can be seen, was still correct. England and Holland withdrew their Representatives in moral indignation at the Palace murders;

Austria and Russia did not, and negotiated with the regicides. Dumba makes out a good case for his country's action, and he himself with considerable ability dealt with the varying phases of a difficult situation, rendered all the more difficult through the disloyalty of his Russian colleague. The details of the conspiracy and its gruesome execution are graphically described, and there is no reason to doubt their accuracy.

The second sensation in Dumba's career, his expulsion from the United States for interfering with the American munitions factory at the Bethlehem Steel Works, can to-day be viewed with greater objectivity than was possible at the time. Von Papen stands in the same condemnation, but it has not prevented him from being generally accepted, if not quite as the *chevalier sans reproche*, at least as a man of upright reputation. But, at the time of the Washington trouble, he was a Military Attaché only, and not an Ambassador. Dumba was the actual Representative of a technically friendly Power in a neutral country, and, as such, he should undoubtedly have kept to his functions. His narrative does certainly offer many extenuating circumstances. But, when all is said and done, he would have served his country and himself better, if he had left well—or bad—alone; and, reading between the lines, it would appear that nobody recognizes that nowadays better than himself. Since his retirement, he has become a zealous supporter of the League of Nations and an active opponent of the old *Realpolitik* in which he grew up.

Incidentally, as an Orthodox Greek by origin, he is a striking illustration of the unifying Habsburg influence on men of diverse race and creed, and of the subtle atmosphere of old Vienna that could make a real Austrian out of the least Austrian material.

J. D. GREGORY.

Sailors and Others

SAILORS, STATESMEN AND OTHERS. An Autobiography by LIEUT.-COMMANDER THE HON. J. M. KENWORTHY. (Rich and Cowan. 18s.)
MEDITERRANEAN MEDLEY. By CAPT. LIONEL DAWSON. (Rich and Cowan. 15s.)

THIS autobiography of Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy is of considerable interest and should prove of value to all who may wish to learn the extreme unwisdom with which the Naval campaign was conducted, and with which the post-war world has been governed. Indeed, the word "government" can hardly be said to have any relation to the political intrigue, and degrading

opportunism, which has characterized all political activity since the war.

Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy's criticisms of the conduct of the Naval campaign are in many respects just, but the remedies which he himself suggested were in many cases worse than the disease which he considered himself competent to cure.

Though most naval officers will be disposed to agree that many grave errors of Naval strategy marked the conduct of the war at sea, there will be few who will not experience a feeling of disgust that an officer on the active list in war should have carried on the activities of a Fabian, and intrigued against his brother officers with politicans and newspaper proprietors.

In his opening chapter the author accuses the youth of the country of "supineness, timidity, and lack of courage in the post-war years." He adds "few of us had, or made, the opportunity. I was one of these; and the reader can judge for himself from these pages whether I made full use of the opportunity." That Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy on several occasions had the courage to face the hostility of the House of Commons, especially in his opposition to the Versailles Treaty which is now proving a cancer in the body politic, is to his credit. On the whole, however, I think most readers will consider that the political world in general, and the Navy in particular, are under less obligation to the author than he himself considers to be the case.

Chapter 5 deserves the close attention of so-called Conservatives and Liberals who are showing a disposition to "rationalize" their principles with those of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald who, in 1917, at 4, Duke Street, Adelphi, was associated with Mr. C. G. Ammon, the late Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, in fomenting revolution and disaffection in the fighting services.

"Soldiers Representatives," "Russian Lead," "A Breath of Revolution" and "The Doom of Rulers" are four illuminating pamphlets bearing the Prime Minister's name. A study of these pamphlets provides ample justification for the refusal of British sailors to ship Mr. Ramsay MacDonald for a voyage to his spiritual home in Russia.

"Mediterranean Medley," by Captain Dawson, is another book by a naval officer which throws a vivid light on little known events in Baltic and Mediterranean ports in the years immediately succeeding the Armistice. The account of the evacuation of Russian refugees from South Russia is of great interest, as is his account of the chaotic conditions existing throughout the principal ports of the Mediterranean.

Captain Dawson, unlike Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy, writes as a naval officer, and writes vividly and well of what he saw: his story is as interesting as it is illuminating.

"Mediterranean Medley" is, in its way, as severe a condemnation of "internationalism" as a substitute for National administration as is the more ambitious autobiography of Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy. BERNARD ACWORTH.

Alexander the Great

ALEXANDER THE GREAT. By ARTHUR WEIGALL. (Thornton Butterworth. 18s.)

WHATEVER the academic authorities may say about this book there is no doubt that it is enthrallingly interesting. Mr. Weigall's Alexander is certainly a man of flesh and blood; he lives and moves in these pages as vividly and as convincingly as Napoleon in the pages of Herr Ludwig. Indeed, he is very much what Napoleon might have been if he had been born in Macedon in the fourth century before Christ, and brought up on Homer instead of Rosseau. Of course, the difference implied is a big one. How far Napoleon believed in his "star" is uncertain; some say it was only an item in his organized publicity. But Alexander, in Mr. Weigall's opinion, was convinced, from his mother's knee onwards, that he was the son of Zeus-Ammon, the god who manifested himself both at Dodona and in the oasis of Siwa. Olympias, the mother of Alexander, was a genuinely god-intoxicated woman; she convinced herself that her son was begotten, not by her husband Philip, but by the god who introduced himself to her bed as a tame snake. It is very possible, for these hill folk, in the north of Greece, lived very near their gods and could believe anything of them.

Certainly Alexander, the godlike youth, intensely serious, more than a little prudish, had very little in common with his genial, drunken, barbaric father-after-the-flesh. Mr. Weigall's Philip is as good as his Alexander, a delightful creature whom no bestiality can make altogether unattractive; a simple soul, yet a master of knavery and a man of genius to boot.

Mr. Weigall thinks that Egypt rather than the mainland of the Persian Empire was Alexander's original objective—a Levantine Empire stretching round the coast from his Macedonian birthplace to the shrine of his Divine Father. This was a feasible empire, like Napoleon's empire in western Europe. Like

Napoleon he was lured to his own doom in the further East. Napoleon returned from Moscow a ruined man; Alexander penetrated to Lahore, and only got back as far as Babylon.

The ancient historians have preserved a great many good stories about Alexander. The sceptic may refuse to believe them, and he will be the poorer thereby. Mr. Weigall accepts them generously and builds upon them a subtle and convincing character study. It should also, in fairness, be said that, though the reviewer has amused himself with Napoleonic analogies, Mr. Weigall never mentions Napoleon from one end of his book to the other.

D. C. SOMERVELL.

Tittle-tattle about Sheridan

"HARLEQUIN SHERIDAN." By R. CROMPTON RHODES. (Basil Blackwell. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE name of Richard Brinsley Sheridan is remembered as that of a remarkable genius who in the eighteenth century wrote plays that still charm the world and in a Golden Age of eloquence was among the first of British orators; who lived to see his glory fade, died in neglect as the result of his frailties, and was then buried with Royal honours in Westminster Abbey. His genius and personality have engaged many pens, notably that of the witty poet, Thomas Moore, who only succeeded in writing a biography so dull as almost to take rank with that other surprising book, Benjamin Disraeli's Life of Lord George Bentinck. Fortunately, however, the late Mr. Walter Sichel, in 1909, gave us a study of this rare and complex figure which still ranks as one of the most masterly and attractive biographies in our language.

The book now before us makes a more limited appeal. Dealing principally with Sheridan's weaknesses, it might indeed impress a reader as the work of a moralist rather than of a man of letters. Its literary discriminations are few, and generally unimpressive. For instance, Mr. Rhodes allows himself to remark in an off-hand way that in writing "The School for Scandal" Sheridan "modelled his dialogue on Congreve." It is surely a platitude that no outstanding masterpiece in any art was ever modelled by its maker on the work of any other human being. Sheridan's comedy dialogue is as pure Sheridan as Shakespeare's poetry is pure Shakespeare.

In harmony with the text the illustrations also seem to have been selected with an eye for the reader's edification rather

than for his pleasure, being taken chiefly from the cartoonists of the period, and conspicuously from the brutalities of Joseph Gillray. Even a cartoon of Mrs. Siddons as Elvira in *Pizarro* has the effect of an ironical comment on the folly of those forefathers of ours who found in that lady not only a great actress but a grandly beautiful woman. No doubt the book recalls much of the coarseness of bygone ways and manners; whether it was worth recalling is another matter. H. M. WALBROOK.

Defining England

THE ENGLISH VISION. By HERBERT READ. (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.)

THIS is an anthology with a purpose, and the purpose is, in the least defamatory sense of the word, political. By gathering passages in which writers have consciously attempted to present things, attitudes and modes of behaviour which they, as Englishmen, feel to be good, Mr. Read has collected data for the science of the good life, which is the science of social life, of the relations of men living together. This is so much more difficult and so much more necessary than the achievements of most anthologists that it seems rude and ungrateful not to praise the book without reserve. Nevertheless, I shall make one quibbling reservation.

"As a people," Mr. Read says, "we are not given to defining ourselves—it is one of our virtues." And since his book is an attempt to define us, it is not surprising that it seems more like an example of foreign vice than of English virtue. Ruskin often wrote rather like a German, Matthew Arnold like a Frenchman or an American. It is significant that the passages chosen by Mr. Read from them might be examples chosen to support that dictum. His definition is spoilt at the start by his choosing writers who were "perfectly conscious of what they were doing and saying." When an Englishman starts a definition of his countrymen by saying that they do not define themselves, their deduction is likely to be that he is an Irishman, and quite incompetent to define anything.

"Alone of national ideals," writes Mr. Read, "the English ideal transcends nationality." His book is compiled in the hope that it may give to the nations a "living clue" by following which they may come safely through the dense thicket of difficulties which confronts them. But the ideal is indefinable, and Englishmen pursue it by an instinct or habit which originated

in their past history. How can other nations, without that instinct, be expected to pursue it? I believe it is impossible to persuade a hippopotamus, or even a horse, to go after rabbits like a terrier. The world's hope lies in what the nations have in common, not in their differences; not in the habit or "humour" of any one of them.

WYNYARD BROWNE.

Books Recommended

The following is a selected list of books just published or to be published :—

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

THE MILNER PAPERS. Vol. II. 1899–1905. Edited by CECIL HEADLAM. (Cassell. 30s.)
GERMANY MY COUNTRY. By FRIEDRICH SIEBURG. (Cape. 10s. 6d.)
SAMUEL JOHNSON. By HUGH KINGSMILL. (Barker. 10s.)
THE JEW AT BAY. By H. S. ASHTON. (Philip Allan. 6s.)
ENGLISH POLITICAL THOUGHT IN THE 19TH CENTURY. By CRANE BRINTON. (Benn. 15s.)
THOMAS MANN: A STUDY. By JAMES CLEUGH. (Secker. 6s.)
THE QUEEN AND MR. GLADSTONE. Vol. II. 1880–1898. By PHILIP GUEDALLA. (Hodder & Stoughton. 25s.)
GEORGE MOORE. By HUMBERT WOLFE. (Butterworth. 4s. 6d.)
THE EPIC OF CAPTAIN SCOTT. By MARTIN LINDSAY. (Peter Davies. 5s.)
SAMUEL PEPYS. By ARTHUR BRYANT. (Cambridge Press. 10s. 6d.)
REMINISCENCES OF A SPANISH DIPLOMAT. By DON FRANCISCO DE REYNOSO. (Hutchinson. 18s.)
QUEEN VICTORIA. By MONA WILSON. (Peter Davies. 5s.)
CAVALIER: LETTERS OF WILLIAM BLUNDELL. Edited by MARGARET BLUNDELL. (Longmans. 10s. 6d.)
THE VICTORIAN AFTERMATH: 1901–1914. By E. WINGFIELD-STRATFORD. (Routledge. 12s. 6d.)

ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

ARTIST AMONG THE BANKERS. By WILL DYSON. (Dent. 6s.)
MODERN THOUGHT ON TRIAL. By KENNETH INGRAM. (Philip Allan. 8s.6d).
THE SPIRIT OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT. By CHRISTOPHER DAWSON. (Sheed & Ward. 3s. 6d.)
PROSE AND POETRY OF COLERIDGE. (Nonesuch Press. 8s. 6d.)

FICTION

THE BIRD OF DAWNING. By JOHN MASEFIELD. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
THE AUGS. By G. B. STERN. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
ELECTRA. By H. DU COUDRAY. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)
DEATH OF A WORLD. By ROMAIN ROLLAND. (Butterworth. 7s. 6d.)

MISCELLANEOUS

ESCAPE. By F. YEATS-BROWN. (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 8s. 6d.)
THE DRAMA OF WEATHER. By SIR NAPIER SHAW. (Cambridge. 7s. 6d.)

Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

WINTER is the season of cross-country sport, a sport which, few know, was in its origin confined to Ireland, for the very name "steeple-chase" bespeaks its Irish origin. I heard it argued, however, that the term steeple-chase originated in Leicestershire. The steeple or windmill in the distance was often the only guide on the horizon by which hunters could mark out a line of country, and after a particularly bad day's sport a race or scurry across country was arranged with the steeple of the Church at Melton as the winning post!

* * *

BUT as to hurdle racing, that at least is said to have had a Royal origin. His Royal Highness George, Prince of Wales, afterwards George III, when the Colonel of the 10th Dragoons, was on Brighton Downs with his pack of lapdog beagles, accompanied by Mrs. Fitzherbert and the officers of his regiment, then quartered at Brighton. The shepherds could not find a sitting hare, so the Prince proposed some jumping matches over the hurdles which were used for securing the sheep folds. This at any rate gave hurdling a great impetus and undoubtedly was a direct cause to its afterwards becoming a regular feature at country race meetings.

* * *

AT Christmas time the thoughts of kindly people turn to those who are in need. The hospitals are, like the poor, always with us in the great work they perform in ameliorating the lot of those overcome by disease or accident, many of whom are as needy as they are sick. The history of our hospitals is the history of the growth of charity and self-sacrifice in the public mind. From slender and most humble beginnings they are now great institutions, doing untold good.

* * *

I HAVE often heard it remarked how fitting it was that Westminster Hospital should be situated so near to the Abbey. For from early days when the first hospitals were built in 1080 they were built close to cathedrals and monasteries and the monks made it their duty to tend the sick. Up till the Reformation, hospitals or "infirmaria," as they were then called, remained under the care of the Church. Now in these expansive and hurrying days Westminster Hospital must be rebuilt to carry on its great work. What was sufficient for the purposes of 1833 is far too small for 1933.

* * *

PLEASE note that Westminster Hospital was the first of the "voluntary hospitals" in the land. Its first patient was admitted on May 11th, 1720. The receipts for its first year's work amounted to £591; its first legacy was received in 1722 and amounted to £42. The first hospital was erected in 1719; the second in 1724; the third in 1734, and the present hospital in 1834; and now it is absolutely necessary to rebuild and enlarge.

* * *

THE option of a new site close by has been obtained; £350,000 is needed; £100,000 must be found by next March; surely this sum is not too big for this great country to find quickly; if the turnover on the Totalisator alone on our race courses is over £4,000,000 a year, what is one-fortieth of that sum for the needs of the hospital? And the racing fraternity is a very small fraction of our population.

* *

AND before I finish with the cause of charity, which is the great expression of true Christmas joy, let me commend among many richly deserving causes, two others that have a claim on our consideration. One is the Church Army. To give happiness to the poor who have their health is as great charity as to those ill in hospital. It creates happiness in the lives of others. I am told that for the small sum of ten shillings the Church Army will make one whole family happy at Christmas time, and that for £5 ten poor families can be fed with good fare over the Christmas week. What a chance to get that interior feeling of joy and peace that will come with the knowledge of having helped others.

* * *

AND I would not let the many kind people there are in the world forget that Christmas is essentially the children's festival. One of our great charitable societies is that of For the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The little ones who have had a hard life can be cheered this Christmastide if a Christmas donation is sent to the society. Why not send just a little and add to the joys of the Holy Season?

* * *

IN spite of wonderful progress in medical science, there still remains the scourge of cancer. Much has been done to arrest the disease in early stages, and to relieve suffering, even of incurables, but the experts will not rest content until they discover a sure prevention or cure. This fine research work is done at the Cancer Hospital, Fulham Road, S.W. Poor patients are admitted free; all the most modern appliances are available, and a new Radiological Department accommodates contributing patients. Both treatment and research are expensive and the hospital labours under a bank overdraft of £40,000 for maintenance.

* * *

AND now for the cheer we deserve ourselves. I have passed Christmas in half a dozen climes, some very cold, some very hot. Whether cold or hot, in Quebec or Khartoum, there is Christmas pudding, mince pies and good wine. Many people bring out their best for the great day. I can recall in my regiment that we had some wonderful Perrier-Jouet. It built up an atmosphere as gay and sparkling as its bubbles. If we drank nearly all that was left of it in our cellar the night before we left for France in August, 1914, it was the only natural way of giving true expression to our feelings. I can never also forget that one of the changes made by General Petain in the French Army in the midst of the troubles in 1917 was the doubling of the wine ration and now that Prohibition is deservedly dead in the U.S.A. for the first Christmas for years, it behoves every one, who can do so, to remember that there is wonderful fellowship on a festive occasion in the partaking of good wine. If I can have some Vermouth to inspire my palate before my Christmas dinner, some good Perrier-Jouet of that fine type I remember so well to join issue with the turkey, and a fine brandy or Benedictine to end the day, Christmas will have its wonted joys once more.

* * *

AND I will be a beggar once more and end these December or Christmas notes on a national key. When those who enjoy their Christmas fare recall what we owe our Navy as the guardians of our trade routes I hope they will not forget that the new and "saucy *Arethusa*" is still needing money. This nobly named ship does a wonderful work in training our young lads—all taken in poverty off the streets—to become fine sailors for our Royal Navy and our Mercantile Marine. The old *Arethusa* trained nearly 13,000 lads for the sea; the new *Arethusa* will train many times more. These lads should be our especial care. They are the future protectors of our hearths and homes, the one certain stand-by that England's flag will continue to rule triumphantly and righteously over the destinies of the sea.

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HOTEL YORK, Berners Street, W.1.
Telephone: Museum 6862-3-4-5.

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KINGSLEY HOTEL, Hart Street, W.C.1. Running water in all Bedrooms. Room and Breakfast, 8/6 per night. Phone: Holborn 3646. Tels.: "Bookcraft, London."

THACKERAY HOTEL, Great Russell Street, W.C.1. Facing British Museum. Running water in all Bedrooms. Room & Breakfast, 8/6. 'Phone: Museum 1230.

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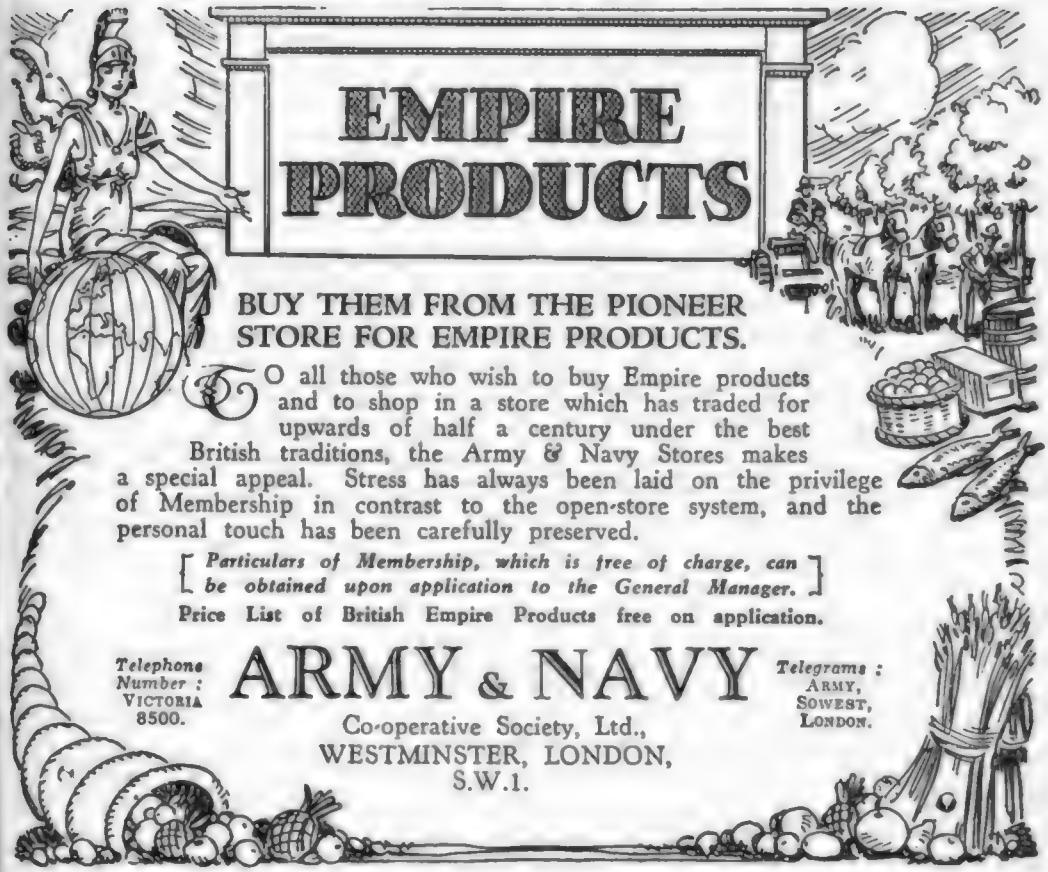

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Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

THE apex of the London Season is over. Goodwood, Cowes, holidays, sport, loom large on the horizon. There will be no large efflux of holiday-makers abroad as was the case in recent years with the exchanges at their present figure, so it should be a good season for the home resorts on seaside and moor. It looks as if the Continent will not absorb as many as in previous years, but I hear of a number of visitors for Iceland, Algiers, Austria and Ireland, and a notable number for the summer cruises to the "Land of the Midnight Sun," the Baltic and Mediterranean ports. Italy will perhaps have more than her normal share, for being a Holy Year many are proposing to combine their religious duties with their holiday-making and make Rome their centre of activity.

* * *

APROPOS of the recent Ascot and the coming Anglo-Catholic Convention I think it was the eminent Tractarian, Dr. Pusey, who wrote one of his books on the "Minor Prophets" at Ascot, where he had a favourite retreat when not at Oxford. It was suggested at one time that the worthy Doctor had gone to Ascot "to make a book," to use the parlance of the layers, and the remark caused much merriment, for it is to be doubted whether Pusey ever attended a race meeting in his life, which is more than can be said for some other parsons, certain of whom are very fond of a day's sport—and no blame to them—and a small interest as well in each race to pay expenses if possible. A parson, if of a sporting disposition, is generally a very good judge of a horse. Some Irish Catholic priests excel at finding "winners."

* * *

QUITE a number of sportsmen are booking visits to shooting schools to get their eye and hand in for the coming season on the moors. The expert no less than the beginner finds great help at these schools, where excellent practice can be obtained. I was in Scotland recently and very good reports were made as to the coming season, where it is expected birds will be plentiful, well grown and strong on the wing. Keepers were at work repairing and draining old grouse butts, and putting up new ones. The round butts now so favoured give shelter from rain and their wide foundations allow ample room for gun, loader, dog and a lady friend. Grouse shooting these days is done with a maximum of comfort and a minimum of work, so different to the old-time methods of shooting over dogs and tramping many miles.

* * *

WITH the Imperial Meeting at Bisley near at hand, a regular "gathering of the clans" of Empire takes place. The Kolapore Trophy attracts Canada, South Africa, India, Australia and New Zealand, and many of our smaller communities make real struggles to send teams whenever possible for the Junior Kolapore. Some years as many as thirteen or fourteen teams from all over the world come, among them teams from the Gold Coast, Singapore, the Malay States, Soudan, the West Indies, Kenya, the African Protectorates, Guernsey, and the far-distant Falkland Islands. When the latter come, such is the enthusiasm of their marksmen that they essay the long journey to these shores

in a whaler, which makes a vast difference in expense to any other type of ship. It is really amazing this trek of marksmen Bisley-wards from all our British Dependencies and Possessions.

* * *

BISLEY is, though few realize it, an historic place. Near by at the north end of the village were the three circular "barrows" or burying places of the Ancient Britons, and earthworks of the old Romans known as "Cæsar's Camp." Evidently it was a pretty wild spot in those days, hence the Camp. In the Domesday Book, Bisley was part of the Manor of "Biflete," and the land belonged to the Abbey of Chertsey, whose Abbot in the thirteenth century let it to a Norman Knight, Geoffrey de Lucy for 13s. 4d. and military service and allowed him the run of a fishery of "325 eels."

In later years King James I made it a separate Crown Manor and granted it to Sir Edward Zouche, a Knight Marshal of his Household, when it was known as "The Hermitage of Brokewood." The name "Hermitage" originally belonged to the Friars of Guildford, and Bisleyites can recall it often when they sample the "Hermitage Ale," so popular a drink in the Camp.

* * *

THE famous Chair will carry its forty-sixth occupant, when the winner of the King's Prize has been acclaimed. The chair, of course, is only used once a year, on this great occasion. It was presented in 1883 by Mr. Charles Wainwright of the L.R.B. as an antidote to the ungainly method of carrying in the winner "spread-eagle" fashion.

* * *

THIS year Match riflemen will be using rifles fitted with barrels which can take the ·303 Mark VII type cartridge loaded with a streamline bullet. The old ·303 Magnum ammunition is not being manufactured any more.

* * *

I THINK perhaps we should realize that our young manhood is not as proficient with the rifle as it once was. Last year's Trophy of His Majesty was won by Canada. Then over 41,000 boys competed, South Africa entering 12,492, Canada 11,266, New Zealand 10,820, Great Britain only 5,677, Australia 863, and India and Trinidad 268. There is no limit to the number of boys or teams and the national team of 3,000 is selected from the best teams. Canada won the Trophy, her best 3,000 boys averaging 85 points out of a possible 100; the South African 3,000 averaged 82; Great Britain 72; New Zealand 68. Of these 2,644 boys qualified as Empire marksmen, with an average of 90 or over; and 2,188 boys as Empire first-class shots with an average of 85. Of those who made individual scores of 99 points and over, Canada won 135 prizes, South Africa 35, and Great Britain 14. It seems, therefore, that the Canadian and South African lads are well ahead of ours. Possibly this is one result of the determined propaganda of "peace at any price" which hates even the mention of a rifle, even when used only for sporting purposes or trials of skill.

* * *

IN pre-war days at Cowes there are many memories and tales of Sovereigns who are now "no more," especially when Wilhelm of Doorn and his sons and many other Germans were always very prominent. I shall never forget how the Kaiser's "Meteor IV,"—then a brand-new boat—sailed and won its first race. As a matter of fact it was beaten badly, but the winning boat, "Germania."

owned by the munition magnate Krupp, had a very, very tactful skipper and he purposely passed the committee boat on the wrong side and was promptly disqualified.

* * *

THE King will be at the Royal Yacht Squadron, and unlike his father who always went to Marienbad after Cowes, King George goes north to Balmoral. I take it the R.Y.S. is the most exclusive club in the world, for its new members average not more than nine or ten a year. When it was first formed in 1815 it had 42 Charter members and the club met in a tavern, the Thatched House Tavern in St. James's Street. The first regatta at Cowes took place over a century ago and the first Anglo-American race in the "Roads" took place in 1851 for the 100 guineas America Cup, since when no less than twelve million pounds have been spent in an effort to recapture it, now the most coveted sporting trophy in the world. When will we again challenge to make another effort?

* * *

THE activities of the World Economic Conference are followed with considerable interest by the people in the country, particularly the womenfolk. A very careful observation of what was thought of the Conference brought the information that our womenfolk are beaming with satisfaction, not unmixed with envy, how the wives and daughters of the delegates crowd the London shops, quite thrilled by all that they see. With the hundred and one gaieties of the London Season these wives, daughters and friends of delegates are getting a real whirl of pleasure.

* * *

ONE thousand five hundred soldiers are taking part in the Woolwich Garrison Searchlight Tattoo this month and 2,000 in the Northern Command Tattoo. Tattoos are now the regular feature of military entertainment, for in the first week of August the Southern Command have theirs at Tidworth, second only, *if* second, to the Aldershot one of Ascot week. Actually in England to-day some 15,000 soldiers at least take part in various Tattoos. I am assured that in the preparations necessitated for their proper staging the military training of these men is not jeopardized, for the very perfection of their presentation can only be obtained by rigid discipline and exemplary team-work, two important military characteristics. If there were any danger of soldierly qualities suffering by reason of this considerable amount of "soldier-actor-training" the authorities would severely restrict the Tattoos. But after all, is not our Army now only a glorified Police force? for that is their duties if the present schemes of field training for the late summer and early autumn mean anything.

* * *

I HEARD an interesting story of the early relations between Archbishop Downey of Liverpool and Sir Edwin Lutyens the celebrated architect of the new Liverpool Catholic-Cathedral-to-be. The pair are now close friends as befits employer and employed, churchman and architect, and both have a fund of humour. Bishop Downey, as he was when first he corresponded with Sir Edwin, naturally signed his name with the episcopal cross before it. Sir Edwin not to be outdone signed his with a small T-square. The Bishop, who had become an Archbishop, signed his next letter with the patriarchal double cross. Sir Edwin replied with a set-square before his name. Honours were easy and remained deservedly so.

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Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

GROUSE shooting is becoming more and more a sport of fashion, and, therefore, of leisure and convenience. If, as is true this year, there is not so great a demand for moors as in the recent years, the falling-off is not due to lack of sportsmen, as it is to the fact that the younger and rising generation need sport that is more exciting and adventurous. Frankly, with the advent of air travel to distant lands it is the quest of big game that is beginning to make an appeal.

I cannot do better than quote one keen shot. "I would rather shoot one elephant, lion or rhinoceros than a thousand brace of small game." In other words, the young sportsman of to-day puts down moor and covert shooting to the middle-aged. Perhaps, in this age of classifications, he is right. Outside hunting and stalking there is nothing very strenuous in shooting game at home.

* * *

THE tendency of loch and river fishing is also more and more towards ease and comfort, and only the enthusiast who whips the moorland streams for miles—I know one who covers his eight to twelve miles of water a day—can call the exercise vigorous. The chief devotees of fishing are retired soldiers, not sailors, clergy of middle age, wine merchants, tailors, journalists, doctors and, perhaps, artists with an occasional judge. But it is to the retired Colonels to whom Greenwell's Glory and the Cock-y-Bondhu mean most. They, the Colonels, can be found on the bank of every stream in every county of Great Britain and Ireland.

* * *

I WAS looking through the attractive handbook of rules that govern the new British Tunny Club which has its headquarters at the British Sea Anglers' Society. Colonel Peel, the holder of the world's record fish of 798 lbs., is the President. He caught five tunny last year and Major Rowley and Mr. P. Taylor, two each. This year it seems that swordfish will be included in the list of "probables," though I was not aware that swordfish could be caught off our shores. The cost of tunny fishing is about £6 a day to those who hire boat, rod, line and tackle, though the annual subscription to the Club is only a guinea, with the additional advantage of reduced railway fares to Scarborough and reduced hotel accommodation. Evidently the railway managers and hotel proprietors sense a number of sportsmen answering "Do you Tunny?" in the affirmative. I hope someone catches a tunny over 800 lbs. this season which has just begun and thus secures the Paul Latham Trophy. Colonel Peel only missed the Trophy last year by 2 lbs.

* * *

OFF New Zealand—the deep sea fisherman's paradise—black marlin, running up to 876 lbs., broadbill, swordfish to nearly 700 lbs. and shark of the same weight, are caught by rod and line. The day is coming when anglers will fly over to New Zealand for a fortnight's fishing holiday and return with some mighty tales of their prowess.

* * *

VERY few men who handle a rifle realize that this is the centenary year of the first use of the elongated or long bullet. It was in India in 1833 that Colonel Davidson, of the old "John" Company, first experimented with a long bullet to get greater range and accuracy than the old round bullet could give. And the Colonel succeeded, but the War Office of those days, just as they are to-day, were highly suspicious of new ideas and preferred giving another trial to an old spherical bullet which even Spain had discarded a century previously.

It was twenty-four years later that the Government purchased the long Minié bullet and since then developments have had greater encouragement. The new ammunition used this year at Bisley gives an extreme range of 5,500 yards as opposed to the 3,600 of last year's. So we are progressing.

* * *

THIRTY cadet marksmen from our Public Schools will be spending an enjoyable August in Canada at the invitation of the Dominion Government and the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association. The cadets get a good time there in addition to shooting at Ottawa at the D.C. Rifle Association Prize Meeting. Young Canada prides itself on its marksmen, as befits what is still in many areas only a pioneer country. We could do more than we have done to make marksmanship a big feature of the training of youth. Shooting is the oldest sport in the world, which is a reminder that the oldest shooting club is the Société de l'Harquebuse of Geneva, which is over 600 years old, and that the first marksman to cut a groove in his arquebuse, 370 years ago, to convert it into a rifle was promptly fined £10—a big figure in those days—by the Swiss Government, on the ground that he was trying to take an unfair advantage over those competitors in the annual shoot for the Champion shot—then, as now, fittingly given the title of "King."

* * *

IN the last 125 years rifle clubs have sprung up all over the country. There are wellnigh 2,600 rifle clubs in Great Britain with a membership exceeding 132,000. It is not realized how important a part rifle shooting plays in the sport of the country. To read our London dailies, with one or two exceptions, very little notice is taken of these clubs or the fine work they do. Good shooting is a physical aid to good character. Marksmen are generally men of integrity and decision.

* * *

EACH Squire of Hunstanton Hall assumes the post of Hereditary Lord High Admiral of the Wash, held for many years by the Le Strange family. Three heads of this ancient family have died within recent years and the late Squire, when opening a bathing pool at New Hunstanton, reminded his audience, including Miss Mercedes Gleitze, the eminent swimmer, that "anything washed up on the shores of the Wash became his property." It was in keeping with the motto of the family, "Milie parta tueri," which can be translated freely as "It is my duty to guard what has been mandated to me."

* * *

THE Oxford Movement Centenary celebrations of the Diocese of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich included a visit to the library of the Deanery at Hadleigh in Suffolk, where in the days of Dean Rose a meeting was held which led to the publication of the Tracts. Hadleigh is one of the twin Deans of Bocking, the other being the Rector of Bocking in the Diocese of Chelmsford. It is an example of one of the few Peculiars left, the others being the Deaneries of Battle, Guernsey, Jersey and Stamford, with a royal Peculiar, without peculiar

jurisdiction, of Wimborne Minster. The Archbishop of Canterbury is patron of both the livings of Hadleigh and Bocking, which compose the twin Deans of Bocking. There used to be, I believe, a tiny emolument for the office, but the old yarn that if one dies the other lapses automatically is not true.

* * *

SOON we shall be buying tangelos as freely as we now buy apples or any other fruit. The first consignment of this new fruit will be over here shortly from South Africa, this cross between a tangerine and a grape-fruit. The pioneer mover in the shipments of this new fruit is Mr. George Barnes, who told me that Great Britain is now one of the best, if not the best, fruit-eating country in the world. Twenty years ago less than 25,000 cases of citrus fruits of all kinds reached these shores; to-day over two million cases arrive. Our Empire is building up a great fruit market. South Africa is sending 100,000 boxes of oranges a week; and California is compelled to ship either Canada or Great Britain much of her fruit, because the U.S.A. market is in a bad condition and because also the United Kingdom and Canada, where a market is assured, are the only countries from which payment is certain.

* * *

FRUIT, this warm summer, has kept Britain fit and well. Australian apples have, for example, broken all records and Australian shippers have already dispatched nearly 6,000,000 boxes of apples to British ports. Never in the history of the nation has so much fruit crossed the oceans to Britain as during the present summer days.

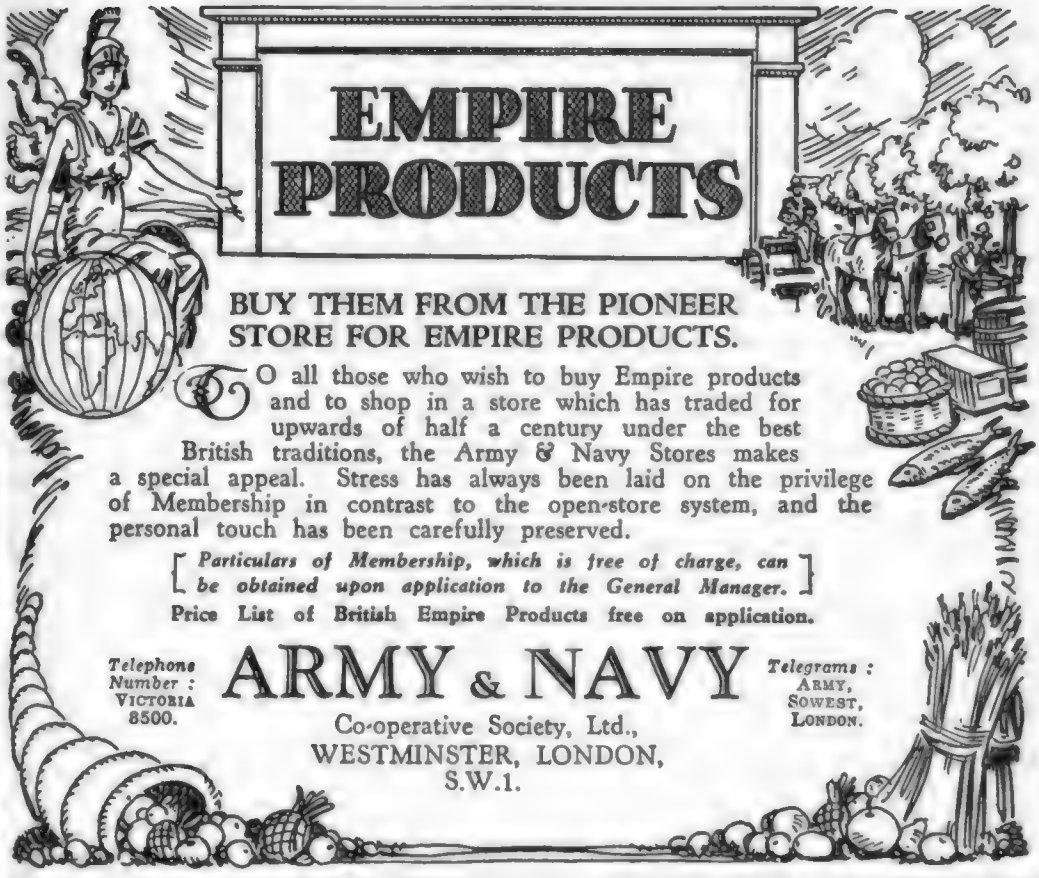
* * *

THE new military uniform and equipment will be thoroughly tried out during the field training of the Army this summer. A large number of the new ideas are popular and are likely to survive the critics, particularly the hygienic low-necked tunic, which has the backing of the Royal Army Medical Corps. The new headgear is not popular from the point of view of the man who has not to wear it, but the soldier who wears this curious type of " deer-stalker " remembers that it is light, airy, waterproof and comfortable, and can be folded up and put into the pocket, which is another asset in its favour. After all, the new headgear is for service in the field; it is not meant for " walking-out " or parades in the barrack-square or ceremonial parades of any kind.

* * *

IT is not often that the Palaces of the Archbishops are raided by burglars, for the " light-fingered gentry " set little store on parsons as being generally far too poor for their attentions. But it is, perhaps, as well to remember that one of the rooms in Lambeth Palace is connected by a shaft with a letter-box in the street below.

In Archbishop Davidson's time, a lady member of a party being shown round was left alone in a room while the rest visited the Lollards Tower, and she complained that the room was haunted, the cause being a postman emptying the said letter-box below. It is to be hoped the shaft is not big enough to admit " a human " !



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Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

PARTRIDGES will be very plentiful this year, so will pheasants. May, the month when the eggs were laid, till the end of June, when the young were safely hatched, was fine and dry, and a very large number of birds were fostered safely to maturity. Birds are in fine fettle; each one plump and filled out like a feathered Bacchus. I saw some coveys the other day and surely the British partridge is the most neat and dapper amongst our winged birds; and there are many who believe, with good reason, that there is no finer game bird for the table. Let me pay one passing tribute to the partridge, which perhaps we humans might take a lesson from with advantage. Partridges after pairing are constant lovers; it is rare indeed that anything but death separates them.

* * *

THERE is a great difference between the conduct of dogs trained for the moors and those trained for the stubbles, though some sportsmen seem to forget this. Grouse act much more independently than partridges; partridges "pack" in the true sense of the word, so that if your dog finds one, it finds all, and if one rises, all rise. Grouse, on the other hand, will often separate. Assuredly this is true of the old cock, who will leave the pack and run with incredible speed down wind and the brood will scatter. It is a matter of opinion which is the best dog for partridge shooting; some prefer pointers, some setters. Setters cover the ground more quickly, but are apt to be too eager; the pointer's habit of deliberate examination and its sagacious experience makes it perhaps the favourite.

* * *

THE new "deerstalker hat" for use in field training by the Army is having an exhaustive trial during the Army exercises and so-called "manœuvres" this year. The view has been in its favour, despite the criticisms of those military sartorial artists who see in it the antithesis of all that is according to Cocker in military headdress. But the fact that it is well ventilated, waterproof, can be folded up neatly and put into the pocket and, above all, protects the nape of the neck from either sun-rays or rain cannot be overlooked. Men on active service, for that is what field training means in the piping days of peace, want practical articles of dress and equipment, and this year the unusually hot weather has been one telling point in favour of the new hat.

* * *

THE conservatism of the British Army even now is great. Before the war it was as adamant. There were those who believed that the Brigade of Guards were perfectly justified in fighting in the desert—time of the Tel-el-Kebir campaign—in bearskins and scarlet. Even khaki was despised. There were sore heads in Whitehall when the Guards desired to be clad in the khaki which the Royal Irish Regiment brought from India to Egypt. But nowadays force of circumstances, and the fact that wars are not carried on in the "gentlemanly" ways of a century or less ago are too strong. Lighter equipment, serviceable uniforms, the necessity for mobility compel drastic alterations, and 1934 should see some very radical changes in the outward appearance of the British soldier in the field, if the Army Council gets busy this winter.

* * *

WRITING of the Service, few realize that the I.R.A. (the Irish Republican Army) patterns itself on the British Army model. Many, if not all its officers are supplied with copies of the British Infantry Training and Musketry Manuals and study them assiduously. The Irish Free State Regular Army, on the other hand, follow the American Army model, both in uniform and in training. Their brown leggings, lace shoes, and green woollen gloves tucked under the left shoulder strap and the familiarity of the rank and file with their officers is typically Yankee.

I have seen both the Irish Free State troops and the I.R.A. on parade. The latter, despite the fact that they have no uniform except that each man wears a haversack and belt of some kind, and a holster if lucky, with soft hats or caps of nondescript types, with leggings here and there, were much the smarter and looked better trained.

* * *

THE last of the Classics, the St. Leger, appears to be a very open race, despite Hyperion's presence on the field, for the Derby winner has been under a cloud.

Many prefer the Leger to the Derby; certainly it has a greater halo of romance about it than the Derby. Much sensational swindling has taken place in its history and, in the days of doping, duck shot administered in putty balls was given to hot favourites. Was this because North country racing folk took their sport more seriously than those of the South?

* * *

AT any rate, the St. Leger is the oldest of the five classic races, and when first run in 1776 the prize was only a sweepstake of 25 guineas each. Once the Jockey Club threatened to expunge the race from the Racing Calendar, because of the malpractice of sending horses to the post for the sole purpose of making false starts, and thus ruining the chances of the best competitors. In 1827 there were actually eight false starts.

* * *

LIEUT.-GENERAL "Jack" St. Leger, after whom the race was named, was typical of the Irishmen of those days, absolutely devil-may-care. He "christened" the race at the Red Lion Inn at Doncaster with hundreds of bowls of punch; he founded the notorious Hell-Fire Club; and to this day in parts of the West Riding superstitious county folk believe that he can be seen on the moors driving a four-in-hand, horses, grooms, and passengers all headless. He was a descendant of an ancient Norman family, one of whose members gave his arm to William the Conqueror to help him land on the English shore.

* * *

WHICH will win? It is a case of "Who's your fancy," as a distinguished Indian Army General once said to me at a dance in Cairo, surveying critically a bevy of possible partners, standing in a corner of the room. My fancy is Scarlet Tiger. But to-day there is none of the plunging there was once on this great race. Layers and backers have learned by experience and common sense largely guides the punters of all classes. So much the better for racing.

* * *

THE Duke of Atholl's charity experiment goes very well, considering all the circumstances, and many people are glad to send ten shillings to be used at his discretion rather than to continue to send ten shillings to the Irish Sweep, since the Irish Free State Government has such good pickings of the moneys subscribed. This is done, not because they are against sweeps or the Irish Sweep in particular, but they reason with good cause in the words of one of our Metropolitan magistrates, this money which goes to the Free State Government "goes to help Mr. de Valera to carry on his disloyal policy." And who can gainsay this? If the Irish Sweep has a big slump next October, as is generally believed will be the case, then the fault lies with the Irish Free State Government rather than with the Sweep authorities or anyone else.

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Correspondence

Tins, Pots, Packets and Bottles!

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—The article under the above title in your August issue must be controverted because it is damaging, futile and ill-informed.

It is damaging because it revives ill-founded prejudices and publishes the kind of false ideas that have caused British agriculture to stand still and dwindle when other countries have gone ahead. As a new and successful start has now been made in this country on the lines developed in other countries for many years it is unfortunate when a publicist of repute joins the misled stick-in-the-muds.

It is futile because (*a*) although it might be an ideal existence if we could all return to primitive conditions and grow all our own food and medicines on land around our own homes, that is impossible; (*b*) although it may be true that fresh fruits and vegetables taken straight from the garden to the kitchen or dining room are the most healthful, such a practice is impossible for the main mass of the population; (*c*) although it may be medically correct to eat all food in the raw state, the fact is that the bulk of the people want cooked food.

It is ill-informed for many reasons, some of which are the following :—

For the millions dwelling in this small island country many kinds of the necessary foods have to be grown at a distance from the centres of population.

Therefore, the practical inescapable difficulties are that the foods have to be packed in something, transported to central markets or points, divided up and packed and again transported to retail distributors, then they are often exposed in open shops and again divided, packed in something, and transported somehow to the house of the consumer.

The above inescapable difficulties in feeding the millions involve a piling up of costs, and all sorts of contamination, and delays involving deterioration and infestation of the foods. Everybody knows the wide gap between the price paid for a cauliflower and the price received by the grower. Everybody can stand in a hot dusty street and see what happens to exposed meat, fish, fruit and vegetables and can visit some back streets and see the objectionable wrappings around foodstuffs.

The advantage of dividing up foods when fresh at the location of production in convenient quantities for the ultimate consumer, and enclosing them in a sealed can so that they have not to be handled again, and are free from all contamination ought to be obvious to anyone.

It has also been found in practice that by that method costs between the producer and consumer are reduced.

The big additional fact is that it is the only method by which certain foods can be available to our people at all because (*a*) they quickly perish, (*b*) they can only be produced in certain favourable localities, (*c*) specialised production in large quantities for an assured market is essential for successful agriculture.

(*a*) Canning ensures absolutely fresh and pure food. Unless the food is absolutely fresh the can will quickly show it up. Fruits and vegetables are sealed in the cans usually within the day of gathering. A few hours delay means a risk of heavy loss to a canner, and it is therefore a risk that he will not take. Not only has the food to be fresh as to time, but it has to be carefully selected and chosen free of defects. The purchaser of sound food in a sound can has a guarantee that the food was fresh and in prime condition when packed. This is a condition that cannot in practice be secured by any other method of packing, transportation and distribution. Canning provides for adults, but, much more important, for children, fruit and vegetables necessary for the prevention of rickets and scorbutic diseases all round the year. Otherwise each variety of fruit is only available for a few weeks in the year, and there are long periods in industrial districts when green vegetables are unobtainable.

(*b*) Canning alone can provide salmon from Alaska or North-Eastern Siberia, pineapple from the tropics, etc., at prices suitable for the masses.

(*c*) Fruits and peas and vegetables can be profitably produced at prices that the consumer can afford only when the grower with suitable land can grow an economic quantity for an assured market for the whole of his crop which the canning factory provides.

There remains the question of *cooking* which is demanded for most foods by the universal experience of mankind.

In the canning factory the food is fresh and selected free from contamination and defects. A complete science of processing has been developed after fifty years of intensive and costly research and experience. The food is therefore cooked by specialists with exact knowledge not possessed by the ordinary housewife. The food is cooked in a clean new vessel, the can (which is a pot) that is never used again. The housewife has to use metal pots that she tries to keep clean with scraping and washing often with chemical polishing materials. Obviously a new pot for every cooking has unchallengeable advantages.

The canner has marvellous appliances developed by the finest scientific and engineering brains. He has degrees of heat and pressures not available to the household cook, and with the sealed can he can cook in the absence of air.

In the open saucepan the vitamins of vegetables are destroyed by oxidation. When cooked under high pressure the cellular tissue of vegetables is broken down, and they are much more digestible than vegetables can be when merely boiled at home.

There is therefore a higher nutritive value in the canned vegetables because they are cooked within a few hours of gathering, and they are more assimilable by the human stomach, and the vitamins have not been destroyed.

There is more vitamin value in a tablespoonful of canned tomatoes than in several oranges.

Space forbids the quotation of many similar established medical and dietetic facts.

As to the ill-informed tirade about colouring, the fact is that the colours are innocuous, and there is a psychological factor, long established since doctors coloured their medicines, that when the eye is pleased the food and medicine does more good. Witness the refusal of children to eat tasteful sauces and foods because the appearance puts them off.

The final answer is obviously to be recognized in the enormous increase throughout the world even amongst hitherto fastidious caste followers in India in preferring canned foods.

Some people sometimes make mistakes about buying food; but millions of people over many years of trial are not wrong in purchasing canned foods; they have found that they get better value for their scanty money, and the health of the children is better provided for.

Yours faithfully,

EDGAR R. JONES.

12, Whitehall, London.

Sir Leo Chiozza Money makes the following rejoinder :—

I am not surprised that those who are commercially engaged in filling tins, pots, packets and bottles fall foul of my article on the subject. Great is Diana of the Ephesians!

Sir Edgar Jones believes that preserved food is at least as good as fresh food and sometimes better; that our very little country cannot satisfactorily transport its own produce to consumers without the aid of canneries; that it is good to dye tinned food to make it look fresh; that the tin offers us a superlative cookery that puts the housewife to shame; that vitamins are preserved in the tin that would otherwise be destroyed in the home; that children, especially, should have a canned diet; that the food contents of cans are sold very cheaply; that the final (and delicious) answer " is obviously to be recognized in the enormous increase throughout the world even amongst hitherto fastidious caste followers in India in preferring canned foods ".

I have the honour to disagree with Sir Edgar Jones upon these things, and to suggest that the answer to all his points but one is sufficiently given in my original article. The only point that needs elaboration is that Great Britain could readily organize the rapid transport and clean distribution of fresh food, the products of its farms, market gardens, orchards, fruit farms and fisheries. A simpler matter, surely, than to put on our tables, as is actually done without the aid of canneries, the lamb of New Zealand, the salmon of Canada, and the peaches of Italy now retailed in our streets at a penny apiece!

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Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

THE summer of 1933 will be long remembered. Visitors to Great Britain are carrying away the most friendly recollections of our climate. They had been told to expect some nasty variations of weather. They experienced an almost ideal summer.

* * *

FISHERMEN have lamented the streams run almost dry, but some at least have tried to catch the big fellows at the tails of the pools at night, a thrill to be experienced to be properly appreciated. Given the right stream—say, the Dovey between Cemmaes and Machynlleth—night fishing for salmon has a wonderful charm. It is very necessary to know well the bank and stream, for it must be a dark night with no moon to get the desired result. My procedure was to choose a gorse bush about one hundred yards from the bank, and leave there the stump of a candle and a box of matches in case they were needed. Then, sallying forth from the inn at Cemmaes, when everyone was sound asleep, and crossing the meadows to the Twymn Pools, lulled by the music of the corn crake, the approach to the bank was made with the utmost care, since the crackling of gravel or the turning over of a single stone might frighten the fish from the tail end of the pool where they were disporting themselves in the stillness of the night in the shallows.

* * *

WITH what care was the cast made! A large sized March Brown, so well trimmed with the scissors till it looked more like a giant fly in the last stages of life than the familiar one well furnished with feathers and hackle, was the lure. It fell lightly, ever so lightly, down and across the stream, and ten seconds later a mighty tug announced the start of the night battle. It was pitch dark, one a.m. in the morning, with a heavy bank of clouds above the fringe of elms and oaks and alders on the opposite bank, but even then the silvery fish could be seen from time to time as it broke water. What a struggle! Every other fish in the stream had scurried to the depths of the pools. The captive ran downstream, over the rapids, to be followed at great risk by the fisherman, now sopped to the skin, and in the run and pool below the fight went on. Two hours later, when dawn broke, the salmon had found his master. Seventeen pounds weight and the only fish taken for a fortnight. Try night fishing.

* * *

AROUND the world in the flagship of the Canadian Pacific, the "Empress of Britain" must surely be the ideal holiday. To visit nearly thirty different lands and to cross the main oceans of the world, to see the great historic centres where civilization, Christianity and the earliest cultural instincts of mankind were formed, are but incidents in a World Cruise which the enterprise of the C.P.R. makes possible. One hundred and twenty-four days of life, crowded with interests of all kinds, in the world's wonder-ship and shore excursions that in themselves are holiday experiences of rare value. A week in Egypt and the Holy Land, a week in India, four days each in Ceylon and Hong Kong, and a week in Northern China are examples of a few of the landing arrangements made to give passengers something more than a passing idea of the famous cities and places they will visit.

* * *

SUCH a combination of sight-seeing on land and sea adds immensely to the value of the cruise. The mighty ship, with its thousand and one comforts, is in itself a home from home, and there is not a single possible phase of life that is not studied to ensure the health and happiness, the convenience and comfort of every passenger.

* * *

WHEN the cost of regaining health at some well-known resort is summed up, or of taking a long needed change, that of this cruise—covering more than a third of a year—is remarkably low. Put into simple language, it means that for £500 the world can be girdled, and that figure makes a generous allowance of over £50 for possible extras.

* * *

I KNOW nothing to equal this cruise of seventy days at sea, and fifty-four days on land, altogether. One unceasing fund of pleasure, interest, inquiry and anticipation, in which the world is at one's feet for those who are lucky enough to obtain berths before they are all booked, since the membership of the cruise is strictly limited and reservations should be secured as early as possible.

* * *

I WAS glad to hear that under the will of Ada Richardson Crompton the University of London will benefit greatly. This lady left, in memory of her father and brother, a considerable sum of money to found travelling scholarships to be known as the "Crompton Scholarships" for proficiency in the knowledge of the French language and literature, each of £150 per annum. The scholarships are to be available only for women who are or have been students at the University of London, King's College for Women or the University of London, King's College, and who have been selected for merit in their knowledge of French.

* * *

FOR the University is always seeking to improve the knowledge of students and give so many facilities to the outside world as well for study that they are in a true sense public benefactors. This year the University Extension Committee have arranged a course of eighty-five lectures in various parts of the London area on a wide range of subjects, Literature, History, Economics, Architecture, Painting, Psychology and Bible Study, in fact, in nearly all the humanistic subjects. One of the most interesting should be that on "The Development of English Literature," by Dr. Arthur Crompton-Rickett which is being held at Gresham College on Mondays at six p.m., which is a time when many who are engaged at work during the day will be able to attend.

* * *

AMONG the lecturers in the literary section are Dr. H. V. Routh, Mr. R. H. U. Bloor and Mr. L. Wilkinson. Few people realize what a powerful force in the world to-day is that of English letters. We are not half proud of the merits and influence of the English language.

* * *

MANY people will soon be going out to pick mushrooms. Here, in Great Britain at least, there is little difficulty in recognizing the genuine one, but it is not so in other lands. I have seen as many as half-a-dozen different kinds of mushrooms in one walk around the meadows of Southern Michigan and been amazed at their similarity to the poisonous kinds. The test of peeling is not, I believe, as infallible as some people think.

* * *

HOWEVER, such an experience paled before one in North Russia. There I was calmly asked to eat edible fungi—or what certainly appeared to be rather hideous toadstools—mashed up with apples in a pie. My Russian friends enjoyed them immensely and as nothing happened to them, I presume these fungi, collected in the woods on the banks of Lake Onega, were edible. But nothing would induce me to experiment.

* * *

WHICH is a reminder that I spent a very pleasant Sunday at sea off Whitstable on the fishing grounds of the Seasalter and Ham Oyster Fishery Company. The succulent bivalve is coming back to its own once more, to give to its devotees the real taste of the ozone to their palates. The English oyster is not the mighty "babe" of the waters of North America. It was Thackeray, who after swallowing one, declared that "he felt he had swallowed a live baby."

* * *

AND one more delectable viand of this season. Memories of Michigan are again invoked by the quest for "frogs' legs." I have watched the little frogs chased and struck hard by a stick, cut in two and put into a sack. I have seen the bull frog watched for with eagle eye and the little crack of the small-bored rifle that gave it the *coup de grace*. But its legs were a meal more succulent than that of the tenderest breast of chicken.

* * *

THE Irish Sweepstake will still be a very large one, despite its big drop from former figures. But, and if the Duke of Atholl is able to spring an agreeable surprise on the public and money continues to go to the French lottery—which, by the way, is amazingly popular in the Services—the end of the Irish Hospitals Sweep is near at hand. Its one salvation would be the fall of the De Valera Government. Then people on this side would have kindlier feelings towards the gamble.

"Every dead body buried within our walls receives its accommodation at the expense of the living and to their detriment."—Sir John Simon, M.O.H., City of London, 1859.

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Correspondence

Magna Carta and the Bunnies

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—You have done well in printing that admirable speech, delivered by Mr. Amery in commemoration of Magna Carta. I think of Magna Carta, of Pym, Hampden, William of Orange and those men who preserved English Freedom (for Lord Macaulay) whenever I see . . . . a rabbit. And here is the connection.

It was in the last days of the last Conservative Government, a truly eleventh hour repentance! The Peers, notwithstanding the anguish of Lord Banbury, had, during that, as during every Parliament, passed Act after Act empowering the State to interfere more and more drastically with the subject, his life, food, transport, housing, recreation and trade. Minister after minister was, by statute, permitted to make regulations, orders, decrees, beside which the monarchical efforts of John, Richard II, Charles I and James I fade into insignificance. Increasingly the subject became, by these (Conservative) enactments, the child—the unweaned child—of the State, with the "New Bureaucracy" as wet nurse.

But the spirit of the five Members still lives. A day came when the Government went too far. A Bill was introduced by the Minister of Agriculture to permit, after notices, forms, legalities and final demands, the State, Local Authority, Public Ratcatcher or some similar emanation of Our Lord the King, to enter upon lands infested with rabbits and there to destroy them, the owner of the lands and rabbits notwithstanding. The Bill, which, as I have said, was much like the other bills of that of preceding and of subsequent Parliaments, passed the Commons. It came to the Lords, and the Whips, warned by the early rumblings of a storm, underlined their commands.

The falling pebble unkeys the avalanche: the last straw, if it does not break the camel's back, will induce in that patient beast a disposition to spit, bite, kick and lie down on the sand. There followed a "March on London"—our nearest approach to the "March on Rome" of Mussolini's legions. The peers assembled. The Gilded Chamber was as near full as makes no matter: the Whips, like the Swiss of Louis XVI fell at their posts: ministers pleaded, for the first time in vain; the Bill by a crushing majority was rejected.

Some future historian, writing of the final years of the unreformed Parliament will note that this battle of the bunnies was the last occasion on which the Peers of England defied the Conservative Whip; the last, or very nearly the last, successful fight for Individualism against the encroachments of the Capitalist-Socialist State. Individualists, assembling in secret to vindicate their freedom, will catch the spark from this far blown torch: "rabbit" will be their password: vert, a coney rampant proper their device . . . . I commend the idea to those Individualist societies, aiming at extended hours of drinking, mackintosh bathing and other achievements proper to English freemen which are springing up around us.

Walkers in the country see State-planned fields, State-marketed pigs, State-inspected cowhouses, State-built cottages, State-protected woodpeckers. But their hearts leap up when they behold a rabbit in a burrow; for the rabbit is the last beneficiary of Runnymede.

Yours, etc.,

MARCH HARE.

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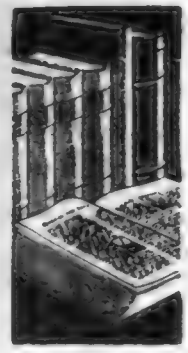

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Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

I BELIEVE it was early in the fourteenth century that hunting began to become an organized as well as a popular pursuit, as it is to-day. From earliest times men hunted. Ancient history gives ample testimony to the pursuit of wild animals, even as an amusement; from the Book of the Psalms and the Book of Job down to the Latin authors, Cicero, Horace, Virgil, Seneca, Pliny, Justin and others, and there is no doubt that the Greeks actually deified hunting, which should be some consolation to the devotees of field sports to-day. Theseus and the Minotaur, St. George and the Dragon, Apollo and the Pythian Monster, each of these worthies owed much of their glory to their hunting skill.

* * *

SOME authorities consider Perseus first organized hunting, others that the twin sons of Jupiter did so; Pollux has the reputation of first training the horse for the chase; Orion of first assembling hounds in packs; and Hippolitus for improving snares and traps. And it would not be fitting in any gossip of this subject to forget that our horsewomen of to-day, who make up to a larger extent than ever before the personnel of our hunting fields, have Diana as the supreme protectress of hunting. But the Goddess always hunted in a gorgeous car drawn by stags instead of horses! accompanied by legions of mountain nymphs in full costume. Such a gorgeous scene would put into the shade the most aristocratic and splendidly-mounted field on a fine hunting morning in the Shires.

* * *

BUT do not forget this. The British clergy in the Middle Ages were among the most fervent admirers of hunting as, indeed, are many of the priests and ministers in Ireland still. They did not consider hunting any blemish on their holy calling. Bishops and abbots hunted in great state, and it is on record that "Walter, Bishop of Rochester, who lived in the thirteenth century, was so fond of hunting that at the age of eighty he made it his only employment to the neglect of his sacred duties," and again that one of the abbots of Leicester was acknowledged to be the finest hare-hunter in the land.

* * *

SUBJECT to correction, by those who may know most on the subject, the first pack of foxhounds, as we know the sport to-day, was established in the West of England by Thomas Fownes of Stepleton, in Dorsetshire, about 1730, and they were later sold to a Mr. Bowes in Yorkshire at a very big figure. Mr. Bowes was connected with the Strathmore family, being the father of the then Lady Strathmore.

* * *

THIS brings up another interesting point regarding fox-hunting, which will be in full swing this month. It is quite evident that the expenses attending a pack of hounds are pretty heavy, very much more so than they were in former times.

Edward I, for instance, according to official accounts, ran a pack for £23 7s. 1d.; Queen Elizabeth paid for her staghounds in A.D. 1600 £38 1s. 5d.; and for her buckhounds £121 11s. 8d.; and for her harriers £96 7s. 3d., a total of £269 7s. 5d. James I was a good deal more extravagant and spent in one year £843 15s. 5d., which is, comparing the values of money then and now, more than any of the present-day expenses of Royal packs.

* * *

I HAVE not the figures of what hunting costs to-day, but sixty to eighty years ago the expenses of a foxhound pack for hunting twice a week were £1,170, for three times a week £1,625, and four times a week £1,935.

These are the figures of a man hunting his own hounds and include horse-

for himself, one whipper-in, groom and assistant. To-day most packs of hounds are kept by public subscription, so the figures given above are no real indication of present cost.

* * *

SOUTH AFRICA is still the land of glamour and romance, more so than any other part of the great British Empire. The great sweep of the Dominion from Cape Town to Durban and from Cape Town to north of the tropic of Capricorn, on to Bulawayo and the mighty Victoria Falls, cover an area which for variety of grandeur of scenery is unrivalled. Here at least is contact made between the highest types of civilization and those to whom the veldt and the bush and the mountain are the homes of their primitive existence. The Romance of the country lies in the truth that it is the last link in the world between the known and the unknown, the last and greatest barrier between civilized and primitive man, and the land where in all probability lies the secrets of the origin of man, and of untold future wealth in mineral and agricultural industry.

* * *

AND in some ways it is the least known Dominion to the people of the home-land, many of whom—among them friends of my own—often express a wish to see South Africa for themselves, the better to appreciate what South Africa really means. Now is their chance. To enable this to be done—this vital need of Empire Education—all the Steamship Lines to South Africa in conjunction with the Travel Department of the South African Government Railways have organized a programme of tours over the whole Dominion throughout the winter months. So that those who fear the English climate in winter will be in South Africa when it is the land of summer sunshine.

* * *

ONE tour covers Capetown to Kimberley, Johannesburg, Pretoria, Bloemfontein, East London, Port Elizabeth, Mossel Bay and back to Capetown, a journey covering the whole of the South of the Dominion. Another goes up north to the famous Victoria Falls and Bulawayo, another covers Natal as well as the Falls, one starting from Durban, takes in the Drakensburg National Park, while another also starting from Durban takes in Johannesburg and Pretoria as well.

* * *

HOW many there are who desire to see the Matoppos where rests the body of Cecil Rhodes. I can assure those who are fortunate enough to do so that sunrise on the Hills gives a far deeper sense of what the British Empire means than awaiting the rays of the morning sun striking the Taj Mahal at Agra, beautiful as it is. Indeed, sunrise on the Rockies, a wonderful vision, has not that depth of significance as to what the Empire means as the experience to be gained by visiting the Matoppos.

There is, indeed, an altar of Empire, for gazing all around in the mighty continent which in years to come, with its wonderful riches and resources, will be a corner stone of Empire greatness.

There is no place about which the young Britisher should know more or be better acquainted than South Africa. It is the coming centre of Empire wealth and greatness.

* * *

THE Irish Sweep has come and gone. It has left certain marked impressions which were absent at other draws. In the first place the large number of foreign visitors and journalists in Dublin proved clearly that the Sweep authorities, alarmed lest the contributions from England should be less, were making a determined attempt to capture support from foreign countries and from all I could both hear and see, and as the results of the draw have proved, with no little success. If the English press gave the Draw ceremonies somewhat of a

cold shoulder—solely on account of the curious mentality of the present Irish political leaders in power—the foreign press were strikingly in evidence in more senses than one. The Belgian and French visitors enjoyed immensely the prodigal hospitality of the Trust and its *carte blanche* for the champagne bottle.

* * *

NEVERTHELESS, cold shoulder or no cold shoulder from England, the Sweep is still very much alive. An organization which can gather in nearly three million pounds is no mean one. When the Calcutta Sweep came near the one million mark people gasped! One thing is certain, the Irish Sweep will never fall to anything like so low a figure. To examine the list of prize-winners is to realize the worldwide grasp of the Sweep.

There has been nothing like it in the lottery world before. It is an Irish one only in name and in the locality of its administration.

* * *

MUCH interest is being taken in the M.C.C. tour in India. Cricket is a game that is most popular in India and a game to which the Indian mentality is splendidly adapted. If the present tour is a prelude to many such Empire tours, the time is sure to come when India will produce a team capable of beating both Australia and ourselves. No one would give the Indian greater credit than we would.

* * *

INCIDENTALLY our Indian Army Generals, who are not so old as the English Army Generals, are one and all masters of cricket. A team of Indian Army Generals could make it fairly warm for a team of Aldershot subalterns.

There is something in the Indian climate, hot though it is, that is peculiarly suitable to the cricket mind and eye.

* * *

AND now for Germany. There is no good denying the fact that, if Germany is not already as armed as she desires to be, her entire young manhood is being trained in a military sense that no other country requires of its youth.

With sons of labourers and students of the university marching cheek by jowl in the Wehrsport (defence sport) training camps, the objective of these camps and of the field exercises which are carried on in them is manifest. No man can call drill, field exercises, pack marches (16 miles with 50 lb. equipment on the back), miniature rifle shooting, lessons in tactics and the tactical appreciation of ground, of sand table instructions in tactics, of scouting, defence, attack, withdrawal, pursuit, surprise and ambuscades, first elementary physical training. The German mentality is sufficiently military without these added encouragements. With them in full force throughout the country, the rest of the world can only feel their anxiety about the future is not exaggerated. It exists. And all the more is it to be regretted. Germany, if she likes, could correct this impression.

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A Quarterly Review of Literature, Science and Art

EDITED BY SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN

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EAST HARDING STREET, E.C. 4, AND PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE ENGLISH REVIEW (1911) LTD., 6, GREAT NEW STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.
REGISTERED FOR CANADIAN POSTAGE.
ENTERED AT THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.